LITERARY CONVERT WOMEN

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LITERARY CONVERT WOMEN

By

ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

With Preface By

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

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SAN RAFAEL

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Dedicated
To the Dear Memory of
My Husband
and My Conbert Family

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PREFACE

There may be some dispute as to what constitutes a Catholic writer; there can be none as to what constitutes Catholic literature. We have, indeed, many Catholics who have gotten fame as writers, but it is only by the merest accident that one will discover that they are Catholics. Anyway, not from any evident spirit of apologetics in their literary output. Perhaps we have no right to pick a quarrel there. Perhaps the novelist, the poet, the essayist has no more obligation to wear his heart on his sleeve and to proclaim his Catholicity than the musician, the doctor, the professor. And in truth he may be a very good Catholic though he does not make a continual public profession of his faith in every line he writes. Not every one is an apostle. It is only the man who is extraordinarily great of soul that will devote his life, his talent to the apostolic work of showing forth to the world the light which he has seen. Such a man has eyes for nothing else. One cannot imagine St. Paul or St. Augustine or St. Teresa writing, say a romance; a love-story, yes, but a love-story where God is the Great Lover. The faith, the apostolic spirit, was with them the impelling motive to authorship. Literary prowess save insofar as it could serve the great cause was a skill they valued little. Wordsworth could say pityingly that England lost a great poet when Faber became a Catholic, Faber who was thenceforth to write pretty popular hymns, and spiritual treatises; but Faber who would rather win one soul than be Poet Laureate had better reason to pity Wordsworth.

I think that is the golden thread that runs through these sketches of literary convert women. It is the spirit of one of our pioneer literary women, not a convert, Mrs. Sadlier, who, little read today, saved the faith to many in a former generation by the power of her pen; the same spirit that filled Susan Emery, that saintly woman, who felt compelled to take a vow that she would never write a line except for the glory of God.

All in all, that is the spirit of these convert women; gratitude

for the gift of faith, such gratitude that they must pity those who have it not and must seek to make them ready to receive it; such love for the Church that they must consider it the only worth-while thing to write about. Their names deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. It is due them for the beauty of their lives, for the contribution of their soul-experiences to practical apologetics, for their service to Catholic works, and perhaps more than all else for the inspiration they are to those who are blessed with some literary talent to dedicate it to God's service.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON
TERTIARY, 1812-1885

AS MANY may be aware that steps are to be taken toward the canonization of Lady Georgiana Fullerton who yet know little concerning this saintly Tertiary, it is hoped that this little sketch may prove of interest and, in the words of Father Coleridge, "may not altogether fail in making her known to those who knew her not, and in reviving her gracious, soothing and consoling memory to those who were so blessed as to know her." Like so many other earnest souls who lived in England during the period of the Oxford Movement, when she felt the foundations of the Established Church sinking under her feet she stepped across its tottering threshold on to the firm foundation of the rock of Peter. Like many another illustrious convert, her love for the true Faith and her appreciation of its value far exceeded that of many whose heritage it has always been.

Georgiana's parents, though they possessed the natural virtues to an eminent degree, seem not to have had any ardent attachment to the Church to which they outwardly conformed. They felt the greatest affection for their gifted and holy daughter but they were never inclined to enter into her feelings on the matter of religion. Lady Georgiana once said that, imperfect and scanty as was the religious training she received in early life, it had the marked characteristic of inculcating reverence for sacred things, and that the children were never allowed to hold a Bible or prayer book in a careless manner. This little remark is of special interest to the writer of this sketch, whose convert father never permitted anything to be placed on the Bible, unless it might be his beloved *Imitation of Christ.*

Lady Georgiana was the daughter of Lord Granville Levison Gower and Lady Harriet Cavendish. Her grandfather on her father's side was a marquis and on her mother's side a duke, and many of her nearest relatives were bearers of distinguished titles.

In the words of Madam Craven, the illustrious friend who was chosen to write her Memoirs: "It was in the midst of rank and affluence that one of the simplest and humblest souls ever seen, perhaps, outside the walls of a cloister, was trained and formed." Our source of information as to her earliest years was a brief autobiography which she wrote late in life, in which she tries to indicate principally her growth in the knowledge of religion. She tells us that she was born in Tixall Hall, Straffordshire, which had belonged to the head of an old Catholic family, and that she connected the fact of her birth and early years spent at Tixall Hall with her conversion to the Catholic Faith, saying that she must have been the first child born in the house outside the pale of the Church, that she felt that the guardian angels of the place had asked for her conversion, and that her Catholic wet nurse said Hail Mary's for the infant at her breast, and sometimes took her into the chapel.

When seven years of age, Georgiana was taken to the Protestant church for the first time; but churchgoing was very wearisome to her as a child, the only things she enjoyed being the holly and the hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," at Christmas. She tells us, however, that she had fits of childish piety and sometimes thought she would like to die and go to Heaven for a change. From the age of seven, reading was a passion with her, and the few books she had access to she read over and over again, trying to imitate the characters in them, though never successfully imitating their virtues, as she was "a very naughty child."

When about ten the little girl read Chateaubriand's famous *Genius of Christianity* and for the first time learned something about the Catholic religion, making her governess very angry by saying, that, as the Apostles founded it, it must be the true one. This from a child of ten! From the time she went to church she placed a certain value on the absolution in the Anglican service, and was much disturbed if, after being "more than usually naughty" during the week, they arrived too late for it.

When about twelve her governess read to her a volume of sermons, two of which Georgiana liked so much that she memo-

rized them. In one of them was a passage which spoke of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Elizabeth. About this time her father was named Ambassador to The Hague, and she spent some of the pleasantest months of her childhood there; but soon after he was named Ambassador at Paris, where the family lived for several years. Soon after their arrival, she was taken to see the Duchess of Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who hurt her feelings by saying to her mother: "Your daughters are so well-behaved, one would take them for little Frenchwomen." As the poor lady was most unattractive in looks and speech, the remark must have been doubly unpleasant.

Georgiana was about thirteen when she first attended a Mass for old soldiers to which the governess sometimes took the children on account of the beautiful music. The presenting of arms at the Elevation she found very impressive. At fourteen she read a controversial tale called *Father Clement,* written in a most entertaining way by a Protestant, intended to expose the errors and corruptions of the Catholic Church, Jesuits, etc. This had upon her mind the effect of making her side with the Catholics in the book. In the story there is a conversation relating to the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, in which the Catholic says: "If we ask our friends on earth to pray for us, why not ask the Mother of Jesus Christ and the saints to do so in Heaven?" She immediately knelt down and said: "Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for me." She did not make this a practice, however, till after her marriage, but she says: "I have a strong feeling that that prayer was not said in vain." Soon after that she encountered a very different book—a volume of verses. She says: "I was always scribbling something or other, and wrote some lines of the same kind, which I quite forget, except that the stanzas ended each with *'Vierge Marie, priez pour nous'* (Virgin Mary, pray for us)."

When Georgiana was fifteen her father left the French embassy and they returned to England. The following year, when she was hearing much discussion about Catholic emancipation, she was much struck by hearing her uncle, Lord

Harrowby, say: "It is quite wrong to call Roman Catholics idolators because they worship the Host. They only worship it because they believe that Our Lord Jesus Christ is present in it." This period of her life was a time of youthful enchantment; but as her biographer says: "From all the éclat, the luxury, and the magnificence of the high society which surrounded her, she very soon and very willingly separated herself. The sumptuous way of life was that to which she was born, and her nearest relatives and their friends were of the highest rank in that distinguished circle. But it is well to remark that the great change which at this time came over her austere life, never made her forget its former phase. We shall always find a sort of unity and harmony in her life.....Her own soul was always kept pure, noble and clear. So that when old age was drawing near, she could look back and view these far distant pictures of the past, and could smile over them with tender emotion. For even while she walked in the midst of the glorious light which then shone round her, there was nothing in these recollections which she could wish either to banish or forget."

Georgiana had entered her twentieth year when she met Mr. Alexander Fullerton and she soon became tenderly attached to him. They were married in 1833, the following year. In a letter written soon after her marriage, she declared herself to be the happiest woman in the world and said that her husband was, if not perfect, yet very nearly so. Her biographer, who well knew the beauty and strength of true conjugal devotion, says of Lady Georgiana's affection for her husband, that it was "consecrated by long years of the tenderest and most exclusive devotion, which was never more conspicuously shown than in the hour of parting from this life. It seemed rather transformed than extinguished." What greater tribute could be paid? What higher praise can be given to a wife than to say that not only has she been technically true to her marriage vows, but that she has kept alive and glowing the fires of the chaste love which the Author of marriage never intended to be lighted for a day, a week, or a year only.

When Lady Georgiana was twenty-one her crown of happi-

ness was made complete by the birth of a son. The following year she was obliged to leave him for a few months, as Mr. Fullerton, owing to some malady, was ordered to have a change of air, and she made her first journey to Italy, where they were very happy in a charming and brilliant circle of congenial friends in Genoa, and where the attraction which Catholicism had long had for both of them became more marked. Says her ardently Catholic biographer: "The importance of these vague religious impressions may not be very great. With a great number they remain as barren reveries, and have nothing to do with that manly act of the will which makes men first seek and then embrace the truth. But to many souls these are the distant preparations. They are the appeal of that good Spirit, who can discern beforehand who those are who will one day listen to and answer Him."

These profoundly religious impressions, however, were somewhat offset by Lady Georgiana's falling in with some passages from Shelley which very much disturbed her, sowing seeds of doubt in her soul. But, going from Genoa to Turin, they made the acquaintance of Count and Madame de Bombelles, and one day in their drawing room Lady Georgiana picked up that beautiful book which has led so many souls along the path of true devotion—*The Introduction to a Devout Life,* by St. Francis de Sales. She opened to the chapter called "Doubts Against Faith." When Madame Bombelles came into the room, she found Lady Georgiana so much moved by the book that she immediately presented her with it—the first Catholic book she ever owned. But though it removed her doubts and brought more peace, she did not at once embrace the faith of its holy author. A few years after this, in one of her letters, she speaks of seeing the consecration of the Archbishop of Paris, where she then lived. She describes the beautiful ceremony and says: "You may fancy how delighted I was, I who passionately love the ritual of the Catholic faith." At this time she went freely to hear Catholic preachers, a thing she would not have done a few years before. She had the unhappy experience of being publicly rebuked by the Abbé Ollivier for taking notes while he

was preaching, which kept her away from his church for some time afterwards, though when writing to her sister about him she says that he seemed to her the personification of her favorite saint and writer, St. Francis de Sales, and adds that she is happy to think she shall hear him twice a week in Lent.

During her life in Paris Lady Fullerton had become more and more interested in works of charity. Her mother once said to her: "My child, you work yourself too hard." "Mamma," was the reply, "we can never work too hard for God." At this time she made the acquaintance of two very charitable persons—Mrs. Fry and Doctor Chalmers—and while not in the least attracted to the Quakerism of the one or the Presbyterianism of the other, their splendid characters helped to increase her love for the good, and she began to devote still more of herself to "those charitable works which were in the end to absorb her soul." It was then that she found how quickly one's fortune can disappear when giving to the poor what seems to the giver small in comparison to the needs which the truly charitable are ever discovering; and to increase her revenue, she secretly sent a poem to the editor of a new magazine in London. It was promptly published and brought its author twelve guineas.

Delighted with her success, Lady Fullerton sent in another poem, which met a less favorable reception. The editor advised her to enter a different field, as poetry has never been popular with the general public. Though momentarily displeased, that very night she began her first novel, *Ellen Middleton*, which brought her great fame both in England and France, and also led to much controversy. The book was finished in the year 1843, the year in which her husband entered the Catholic Church.

That year the young couple returned to England to live. Lady Fullerton submitted her work to very competent critics before it was published, so that it did not appear until 1844, a year which marked the "end of the first stage of the great Oxford Movement," which finally led not only the great leader, John Henry Newman, but a multitude of others into their true home. The effects of *Tract 90* in particular had been to advocate the return to purely Catholic practices, especially confession.

Ellen Middleton, in Lady Georgiana's novel, is shown as suffering undying remorse and agony of conscience for an experience in her early life, and after being brought by it almost to the grave, she is exhorted by an Anglican minister to confess her sins to him and receive absolution. Remembering Lady Georgiana's desire for the absolution even in her childhood days, it is not strange that this should supply her with a plot for her first novel; and it was quite natural that it should prove of great interest to the many who were just beginning to study this question; and as every one who knew her realized that she was one who "did not call forth emotion which she had not felt herself," we get an insight into the strain and stress of her own mind on this great question.

Father Gallwey, who was her spiritual guide during the last years of her life, once said of *Ellen Middleton* that while novels affected peaople differently, he had read only one in thirty years, and that it helped him to write a sermon. It was two years later, however, that its author found that abiding peace which submission to the Catholic Church has brought to so many to whom there can be no such thing as a "pleasing uncertainty" in matters pertaining to the soul. On Passion Sunday in 1846, she made her abjuration to Father Brownbill, the Jesuit Father who received Cardinal Manning into the Church.

Soon after her conversion Lady Fullerton published her second novel, developing a theme which enabled her to candidly avow her new faith. It also was very successful, bringing to her such extraordinary praise, that, with her ardent desire not merely to become a good Catholic but to follow the counsel, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," she seriously considered giving up the exercise of her literary talent, lest it become a source of sinful pride. We shall see later how she solved the question. Her niece tells us that Lady Fullerton was very humble on the subject of her authorship and used to say that it required only perseverance. "She astonished me by saying that writing was never a pleasure to her, and that she never thought about it till she actually sat down to write, and she did it as a task because she liked to get the money for her charities."

But the authoress did not limit her charity to the mere giving of money, great and commendable as that is in itself. She gave unstintingly of her splendid self in the homes of the poor, in hospitals, asylums, schools, and catechism classes, so that it is a source of wonder how she found the time to accomplish so much, and at the same time to be so nearly perfect as daughter, wife and mother, besides being a highly successful writer. The happiness which was hers in her home relations remained entirely unbroken after her conversion; her father had died before she took the final step, but she kept up with her mother the most intimate and tender intercourse. Her husband and herself were in the closest sympathy, and all their hopes were centered on their only son—a youth who showed himself worthy of all their care and devotion, a youth of charming personality, but rather delicately constituted. Just before his twenty-first birthday the Crimean War broke out and he wished to go to it, but was positively forbidden by the doctor to do so. The following year his end came suddenly and painlessly, and while his parents bore it with great resignation, the world was changed for them. Father Gallwey, Lady Fullerton's spiritual adviser at this time, says: "The wound of the death of her only child was so deep in her maternal heart, so bitter, so incurable and above all so dumb, that one might ask if, during the thirty years that succeeded it, a single one of her most intimate friends or neighbors ever dared to mention his name before her.....But this great grief was for her the source of new graces and elevated her to a higher sanctity. From that day her soul was absolutely detached from this fleeting world, and all her thoughts were turned towards that country where our God and our Father awaits his children. She never revolted against the good God who had given him to her and then withdrawn him. On the contrary, she turned her heart more and more towards God and received in return wonderful gifts, a hundrdefold for the happiness she had lost."

Henceforth Lady Fullerton's life was given exclusively to two great objects. The first was to devote herself more than ever to the dear sharer of her grief; the second, her poor, to whom she gave all her time after what was reserved for her

first duty; her money, her strength, her health and her mind. But engrossing as was this work, she never stole a single moment of the time which belonged to her family cares. "Her order and regularity enabled her to accomplish the miracle of multiplying the hours of the day." One way in which she accomplished this was by rising earlier in the day. But she would willingly have given up even her charitable and pious works to bestow all her care upon her husband had he ever consented to it. In later years when the health of both was precarious, and when her eyesight had become so bad that she looked forward to being unable either to read or write, they visited the sanctuary of the Holy Face at Tours. It was the custom for the pious visitors here to be anointed from the oil in the lamp hanging before the picture of the Holy Face. Kneeling side by side they received the holy oil upon their eyes and foreheads with the result that, while all her thought had been for him, she received a complete cure of her eyes.

In the winter of 1856-57 the Fullertons went to Rome, and here the wife was admitted into the Third Order of St. Francis. From that moment she strove to imitate more "the Little Poor Man" in his love for My Lady Poverty, and in his other great virtues. From that hour she began to follow more closely the counsel, "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give it to the poor." In one of the many beautiful prayers which she wrote out for her own use she says, "I wish to bring myself to think of nothing but of the present, and of my God, and of my dear child for whom I work and who waits for me."

Not only did Lady Georgiana perform active and laborious works of mercy, but she was also active in the introduction of religious communities in London, particularly those which provided for the poor and the sick. Perhaps no individual accomplished more in this direction, and it is a delight to know that Mr. Fullerton assisted her in every way in his power in all her works of charity. As she was giving more and more of herself to these good works, she found it more necessary to add to her resources by continuing her writing; but here again interposed her scruples about thus fostering any natural inclination to pride

or vanity, which she greatly dreaded. Her biographer tells us that she never possessed much personal beauty in the ordinary sense and never the least feminine vanity or love for dress, being always plainly and at the end of her life even poorly dressed; but she could not fail to recognize her intellectual gifts, and herein lay a possible temptation to pride. She accordingly discussed the whole matter with her director, and it was decided that she should continue her writing, but give up reading reviews and notices of her work. Few writers could be induced to make such a sacrifice. But no sacrifice was too great for this chosen spirit, who possessed so much humility that she could say in a letter written to Lady Herbert of Lea, at the time of the latter's reception into the Church: "I have now been just nineteen years a Catholic and never ceased to wonder with an adoring heart at the infinite mercy of God in bestowing on one so unworthy as myself, that blessed gift of Faith not vouchsafed to so many who would make a better use of it." Such remarks, in anyone less than a saint, would almost seem to savor of insincerity, but it is plain that hers was genuine humility, of the kind which, as Madame Craven says, kept pace with her charity.

Lady Fullerton's renouncement was so complete that it seemed impossible to go further, yet she managed to do so as time went on, in the poverty and simplicity of her dress. She might have seemed to exceed in this, but it was a kind of excess at which the angels smile. She went every day to Mass on foot (even when, less from age than from illness, which had already fastened on her, she began to stoop), with her black cloak on, wearing an old bonnet and no gloves generally,—it seemed as if she found them too troublesome to take off when giving alms. Her niece wrote of her: "I think one learnt more from her example than her words, and from seeing how religion had moulded her character, subduing a naturally too eager, impulsive nature, into perfect resignation and abnegation of her own will in small as well as in grave matters." It was said by a friend of Lady Georgiana's that she went only to the three S's, the sick, the sorrowful and the sinful, and her niece said that while that was true to a certain extent, yet she always had the power of

enjoying life, and that her religion had nothing morose in it; that she was always ready to take her part in any amusement in vogue; that she played constantly at whist and liked chess even better.

Lady Fullerton's clothing and appearance, especially after the death of her son, were so extremely plain that none would recognize either her rank or her mental gifts, and the story is told that once, when visiting a workhouse, the porter spoke rudely to her. She took no notice of his discourtesy, but before she had finished her visit he had discovered his mistake, and when she came down he apologized profusely. She quietly advised that in the future he should speak civilly to everyone. But she repeated the story to her niece with much amusement.

Another story is told of her visiting a house of the Sisters of Charity when she was in France for the last time. She had visited the house years before, but the Sisters did not recognize her, and when Lady Georgiana asked permission to give the children a banquet and mentioned all the dishes she wished served, the Sister, looking at her modest dress, felt it only right to tell her that such a feast might perhaps be too costly. Imagine her confusion when Lady Georgiana told her who she was! Like St. Theresa, as a Franciscan nun said, "She ate, and slept and talked and conducted herself like the rest of the world, and yet she was eminently holy."

During the last year of her life Lady Fullerton was a confirmed invalid with many alarming crises, and much pain and suffering, which she bore with great resignation. One of her friends said that she could see her but seldom the last two years of her life, as her sufferings were so great, but that when she did see her, it was like seeing an angel. She would receive her with a bright smile and, saying nothing of her own sufferings, except how good every one was to her, would begin to make inquiries about the sick and distressed.

"We must not lift the veil from the last scene of her partings. We have seen how she had prayed that she might come to love Our Lord with a love that swallowed up all others, and might make her long to die, and we may be sure that there was

nothing excited or passionate about her farewells to earth, tenderly as she loved those whom she had to leave behind. Her eyes were fixed tenderly upon her crucifix; her husband, her brothers and her faithful servants were by her side, along with the Father who for so many years had been the guide of her spiritual life. She passed away so quietly that all the careful attention of those who stood around her could not detect the exact moment at which her soul exchanged the miseries of this life for the endless possession of the Eternal Truth and Light, to whom she had been so faithfully and entirely devoted."

A dear friend said: "She looked like an angel in her coffin, with a kind of surprised smile on her face, from which every line had gone, and she looked quite young. Her loss is irreparable; but we can thank God who sent us such an example of charity and holiness, to be our dearest memory and consolation, and for His everlasting glory."

May all who read this imperfect sketch be moved to pray that her name may soon appear on the list of those saints to whose communion we sinners here below belong, and may we all at least desire to imitate her beautiful life.

LADY HERBERT OF LEA

ELIZABETH A COURT REPPINGTON, the subject of this sketch, was born in England in 1822 and died there in 1911 at the advanced age of eighty-nine. She was, perhaps, the last of that group of illustrious women who, formerly the "flower of the Anglican Church," came home during the period of the Oxford movement and, circling round Lady Georgiana Fullerton, were spoken of as the matriarchs of the revival of Catholicity in England. Lady Herbert especially was best known by this title in London and Rome. Sebastian Meynell begins an interesting article on Lady Herbert with this quotation:

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse;
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Fair and good and learn'd as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

He goes on to say that the Englishman statesman who bore the name of Sidney Herbert "in witness of the matrimonial alliance of his house here immortalized by the Elizabethine poet, found a fit successor to the 'great lady' of that long past day in Elizabeth à Court Reppington, who in 1846 became his wife—to be another Pembroke's mother." She was then twenty-four years old, a great beauty and possessed of unusual intelligence.

Her father, General Charles Ashe à Court was an M. P. Her mother was the daughter of a West India planter. Her uncle, the first Lord Heytesbury, was by turns Governor General of India, Irish Viceroy and Ambassador to Russia. While he was abroad her father's family lived in Heytesbury House. Her governess was the Miss Hildyard who afterwards had the training of the royal princesses because of her success with Elizabeth; for very soon after her marriage Queen Victoria paid her the delicate compliment of asking Sidney Herbert by whom

his wife was educated, saying she would like to put her daughters into the same hands. Her mother being an invalid and there being no other girls, Elizabeth was her father's constant companion and helper from her early years.

After her early childhood she lived in Staffordshire near Sir Robert Peel whom she sometimes helped with his correspondence, so that at the time of her marriage Sir Robert said to Sidney: "You gain a wife, while I lose a secretary." Thus having received her preliminary training at the hands of this eminent statesman, she was thoroughly equipped to be of great service to the young statesman whom she married, and who became in his turn eminent as a Minister of War under Peel, Aberdeen and Palmerston successively, as well as a great friend and ally of Gladstone. Though Elizabeth was twenty-four when she married, she had from childhood known Sidney Herbert, the second son of the Earl of Pembroke who lived at Wilton near her home; and when she was ten years old, on seeing him riding with her father, she exclaimed, "That is the man I shall marry when I grow up."

Their marriage was ideally happy, and while he lived she was in every sense of the word a help-mate, both as an inspiration and a practical sharer in all his burdens.

During the Crimean War the "momentous invitation to Florence Nightingale to take charge of wounded soldiers" was due quite as much to the wife of the Minister of War as to himself. She also organized a despatch of nurses—English and Irish Sisters of Mercy included among them.

Gladstone paid tribute to Sidney Herbert's labors at this time, when he wished "that some of the thousands who justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of routine who devised and projected her going—Sidney Herbert." So unceasingly did he labor during the war that his health was hopelessly broken down.

In 1861 he was made a peer (Lord Herbert of Lea) to relieve the official strain, but this relief came too late, and the following August he was brought home to die. He became blind after reaching home, and three days later he died.

Both Lord and Lady Herbert were of great prominence in English society, and they were introduced by Disraeli into two of his novels, *Endymion* and *Lothair*. Previous to the Crimean War Lady Herbert had been in great anxiety of mind in regard to religious matters; an anxiety thoroughly understood by her husband from whom, she tells us, she never had a secret in her life; but it was years after its first gentle knocking at the door of her heart that the grace of God won a complete victory over that heart, ever afterwards so loyal, constant and true. In an article called "How I Came Home" she makes a very frank analysis of the spiritual experiences of her whole life, and tells us of the many steps she traversed, much of the way up a steep hill beset with thorns and brambles, on her journey home.

As is well known, the Church of England is divided into High, Broad and Low. She tells us that she was brought up in the "High and Dry" school, and that her eager, energetic and enthusiastic nature rebelled against the cold and formal services, the high pews and the long, puritanical and dry sermons which made Sunday a terror to her as a child. Add to this the obligation of learning poetry by heart, which was always a difficulty for her, and of spending the rest of the Sunday either in church where kneeling made her faint, or of reading sermons, and we find it easy to understand why she generally spent Sunday evening in tears.

Receiving confirmation and first communion brought no change, and nothing in her religion brought her happiness until the Oxford movement introduced her to what she had longed for during many years. She followed closely every phase of the movement, either buying or borrowing books which she eagerly devoured. She began really to pray and fast and to examine her heart and conduct. She even, like many young girls who are piously inclined, longed to become a Sister of Charity. Nevertheless, so far was she from the true faith that she was startled at the act of a young Oxford friend who, following the light which led to the door of the Catholic Church, entered and made his home therein. Her father, fearing the young man's possible influence over her, forbade any future association with him, and

it was not till twenty years later that she saw him again, this time in the cloister of his monastery.

A distant relative having left the family some property in the midland counties, they moved there from the west of England to a neglected village where there was no school, and where nothing remained of the church of St. Edith but the gable end of the *chapelry*. Elizabeth became interested in improving the conditions here and, after opening a school, she painted and sold sketches to obtain money enough to build a chancel on the gable end. Her chief encouragement in this work came from the rural dean and his wife who were tending Romeward themselves. Seeing this, her father again became alarmed and discouraged their visits, which soon stopped.

In 1844 she was strongly impressed by some letters of Newman's. But she was married the following year, and in her newfound happiness, like the man in the Gospel invited to the King's supper, had no time to dwell upon religious matters.

Meanwhile, Newman, Father Faber and other illustrious men of the Anglican church had made their submission, and many others were still hovering between England and Rome. And then, about four months after her marriage, her husband brought home a man whom he introduced to her as his oldest school and college friend, adding "He is the holiest man I ever met." This man was the Anglican Archdeacon, afterwards the Roman Catholic Cardinal Manning. The friendship he had so long felt for her husband was extended to her, and all three went abroad together the following year, spending the winter in Rome and Naples, where the two men were accustomed to take long walks to enjoy long talks.

At that time the young people were anxiously praying for the blessing of a child. Some nuns of the Sacred Heart who were cousins of Sidney Herbert offered to make a novena for their intention, and Manning suggested that they go together and pray at the Ara Coeli for the fulfilment of their wish; or rather, he added gently, "that the Will of God may be done in you and by you." He presented the young wife with a statuette of the Blessed Virgin with her hands crossed in submission and

the words underneath, *"Ecce ancilla Domini,"* saying, "When you can feel as *she* felt, when you can give up your will and have no wish or will but *His,* then, and not till then, will the blessing you seek be granted you."

Later, Lady Herbert tells us, she allowed herself to be tormented with the fear that she was not clever or amusing enough to be a fit companion for her husband. "His answer," she says, "I feel should be engraved in every young wife's heart: 'Your business is not to make your husband's home *brilliant* but blessed.' "

Their new friend was a friend indeed and, seeing their great interest in spiritual matters, he drew up a plan of life, directed their spiritual reading and helped them in all the little trials which come into even the happiest lives. The child so ardently desired was born and given the name of Mary. Lady Herbert was very ill, and Manning came to strengthen and cheer her. The next year a son was born and nearly died a few months later, when their friend again came to them, sharing alike their anxiety in the child's illness and their joy at his recovery.

Throughout England the great topic of the hour was still the religious topic. When the Gorham decision relating to baptism was reached, March, 1850, for Manning, as for many others, it proved the final turning point. Realizing that not in the Church of England could an unerring guide be found, on Passion Sunday, April 6, 1851, Manning sought and found admission to the Church to which Our Blessed Lord gave the promise "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Feeling it a matter of duty, he at once broke off all communication with the Herberts, saying in a letter to Lady Herbert that it would not be right to continue an intimacy which might be prejudicial to her husband in his present position; that they had been too nearly drawn together to meet as ordinary friends, and that he would never seek either of them unless they first sought him. This separation was felt very keenly by his friends. The shock Lady Herbert sustained brought her dangerously near spiritual shipwreck.

Soon the Crimean War came, and she became entirely ab-

sorbed in the work of assisting her husband. She saw Manning but two or three times, and on these occasions they spoke only of the business at hand, though she tells us that at the end of the interview she could not help kneeling and asking for the old blessing, which was given "sadly but kindly." They did not meet again for many months.

The arduous work in which she was now engaged was made much harder because of her increasing anxiety for the health of one "dearer to her than life;" and when finally the blow she had so long dreaded fell, and the cherished husband was taken from her side, she tells us how bitterly she realized what it was to be in a Church which did not recognize prayers for the dead. How could she now leave off praying, she asked for one for whom she had prayed daily for twenty years? Besides, if there were even a remote chance to help him, how could she withhold her prayers?

In spite of the objection of many Protestants who do not understand praying for the dead, the consoling doctrine of the communion of saints has led many a mourner to see through the mist of tears what had hitherto been invisible to the bright eyes which looked only upon the joys of life.

In replying to a touching letter of sympathy from Manning, she asked him to tell her where she could find the prayers she sought in vain, and asked him also for Masses. He complied with her requests, but never sought renewal of their former intercourse.

Going to the south of France she spent there a year of seclusion and misery. One or twice she went into a Catholic church, but could not follow the service satisfactorily, owing to the rapid utterance of the priest and her own ignorance of Latin. The fact that she began to apply herself to the study of Latin shows whither she was tending, though perhaps unconsciously, for she repelled almost with indignation the reports of her conversion which were being spread.

The next year the health of her children obliged her to take them to Rome; but although Cardinal Manning was there and preached, she did not go to hear him, and they did not meet for

three months. Then he spoke only of his love of and grief for her husband. While in Rome she used to go to the convent where the novena had been made and "pray before the little light telling of the Presence," and she says that she felt "inexpressible comfort" there. She became acquainted with a Hungarian lady who was a fervent Catholic. This lady took her to a retreat where she was greatly impressed with the practical nature of the preaching, and where this truth was borne in upon her: People imagine they must understand everything, and that all doubts must be cleared up before taking the final step; whereas you must take the plunge in order to see and understand! God in that way rewards our faith and simplicity As Newman so beautifully says: "The Church is like a painted glass window —all darkness and confusion without, all order, beauty and light within."

Her Hungarian friend introduced her to the wonderful hidden life of Rome, which she refers to as a beautiful net-work of charitable institutions. Here she became acquainted with many eminent and holy souls, both men and women, whose noble lives did more to remove prejudices than volumes of controversy. Still she was beset with difficulties, especially regarding devotion to Our Lady. This she so little understood that when she was given a Catholic manual she carefully cut out or pasted down portions relating to the Rosary or the Immaculate Conception.

Finally, weary with the struggle, she wrote to Cardinal Manning asking for an interview. So fearful was he of using undue influence that he hesitated even then; and this habitual reserve is spoken of many times in this article merely to show the great mistake of those outside the faith who see in every convert an unwilling captive either drawn or pushed into the jaws of the devouring monster which stands in their eyes for the great Catholic Church.

Somewhat reluctantly he gave her one or two instructions and some books to study; but he did her a great service, as she testifies, by kneeling with her at Mass and pointing out places in the service. She expresses great regret that more Catholics do not do this for converts, who cannot follow the intentions of the

priest without the words—nor until they have mastered the sense of the whole. "To do this, they must begin by following the service exactly and seeing how the union of all parts forms one beautiful and sublime whole, culminating in the Great Sacrifice."

This visit to Rome resulted in her resolving to put an end to delays and to try to arrive at the truth; but on her return to England, finding herself in the same position, she could do nothing but decide to go on studying and praying. She earnestly recommends to every seeker after the truth and the Divine Will the daily repetition of the prayers to the Holy Ghost, *"Deus, qui corda fidelium,"* and *"Veni, Sancte Spiritus,"* and says she has known many to be helped into the Church by this practice.

No justice can be done to Lady Herbert's long hesitation and delay in this great matter unless we realize that in addition to the trials so many experience in leaving a Church which has been dear to them all their lives, and running the risk of alienating even the dearest of their kith and kin, she felt also the tremendous responsibility and the anxious heart of a mother. Under her husband's will she was the sole guardian of her children, and she had promised him on his death bed that she would never leave them. His family had notified her that in the event of her becoming a Catholic they would remove her children from her care, or make them wards in chancery, a proceeding permitted by the English law. This consideration alone presented a painful difficulty. Moreover, prompted by the Catholic yearning of her whole life she had induced her husband to begin, and she had completed, the restoration of the churches on his property, making them as Catholic as possible, not only in appearance but in the nature of the services. Being herself the organist she had even selected Catholic hymns. Her husband had also built a beautiful Gothic church in the village at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. This they had adorned with the rarest marbles and mosaics from Italy, beautiful lamps from Venice, and carvings and painted glass from Germany. This church was associated with the happiest years of her life, where she had attended daily services, and was now sanctified by being Lord Herbert's last resting place. To take the step she was contemplating would not

only injure her with his flock but would deeply wound the Bishop who was as dear to her as a brother. Nor was a very natural pride lacking in power to stay her action. She enjoyed a unique position in the neighborhood and was looked up to by those who would have no sympathy with her change of religion. How could she voluntarily give up all this?

At the end of the year the health of her children again demanded a warmer climate and she went with them to the Nile, carrying letters of introduction to the Franciscan Fathers at Cairo—doubtless the first step which led to her entering the Third Order. From there she went to Syria, where her doubts began to clear. At Jerusalem she had much time for thought and prayer, but no teaching of any sort except the services she attended; but here the scales fell from her eyes and she began to see in a new way the truth of the One, Holy, Catholic Church.

Still waiting, however, for her children's sake, she records the misery she felt at not being able to receive Holy Communion with seven or eight hundred pilgrims on Holy Thursday. The good Franciscan Father who was her guide, and who had probably believed her to be a Catholic, was heard to mutter, "What a pity! To come all this way and go through all this toil *for nothing!*" Only the thought of her children now held her back and once again she had recourse to Cardinal Manning who reminded her of the act of Madame de Chantal in stepping over the body of her son when she made up her mind to enter a convent in response to the Divine call.

That winter she spent in Italy, and on the eve of New Year's day she took some Protestant friends to the Jesuits' church where the *Te Deum* was celebrated with great splendor, the church being lighted from floor to roof, like the church of the Gesù in Rome. Here she slipped away from her friends to the floor, among the poor. Suddenly it seemed to her that every one else was gone and she was alone before Our Lord in the Monstrance, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed. "He spoke lovingly, asked why I waited, why I did not come to Him at once." Then came a sudden illumination accompanied with such joy that all human considerations, even her children, were for-

gotten and she answered like Saul, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" She declared that she has never been able to remember all that passed through her soul before the sacristan touched her and asked her to go as he was about to close the church. She went home in a dream, remembering only that she had made to our Lord a promise which she must not break. She must carry it out at once. She walked the floor all night, full of light-heartedness and inward joy "like one having found the pearl of great price long sought in vain, the only feeling being that of intense anxiety to secure it."

Next morning after Mass she went by herself to hunt up the house of the old Canon, the only person she knew in the place. He hesitated about receiving her. She overcame all his objections, and he finally agreed to consult the Archbishop. On the eve of the Epiphany she again walked to the Canon's house, made her abjuration in Latin and her general confession in Italian. No one else was present. After it was over she went back to her children, and took them in the afternoon to see the Cathedral. "Never shall I forget the exultation of my heart when I entered it and said 'All this is mine, now and forever more.'"

A few weeks later the Superior of the Sisters of Charity dressed her in white, threw a white veil over her head and took her to the Archbishop, who confirmed her in his private chapel. Besides the Superior and one of her Sisters no one was present but the Canon who received her and a holy missionary priest whose prayers she had asked. It was a solemn and beautiful service, and when the venerable Archbishop began speaking as she knelt before him, he suddenly broke down and burst out crying, exclaiming *"E un squarcio di Paradiso!"* ("It is a foretaste of Paradise!") The Canon had to continue the address in his place. After receiving Holy Communion she breakfasted with the kind old man and went back to the Sisters who had a beautiful Benediction service in their chapel. "I hung up my white wreath on the altar of Our Lady whom long since I had learned to love. And so I came home at last."

So hard is it to overcome early prejudices that her love for

the Blessed Virgin, as has been said, was of slow growth. She was reluctant to read Father Faber's "At the Foot of the Cross," fearing what seemed to her excessive devotion to Mary; only to find when she did read it that it might have been called "The Glories of Jesus," for "every argument, every description led one up from Mother to Son, thus helping me to understand for the first time what an old priest once said to me in the East—'You will never really love Jesus till you have learned the devotion to His Mother.'" Without doubt she could afterwards say with this same holy minstrel of Our Lord and Our Lady,

> And oh! how can I love thy Son,
> Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

After her conversion it seemed probable that her children would be removed from her care, or made wards in chancery; but her sense of duty reconciled all conflicting claims and they were brought up as the law directed, in their father's religion. Her eldest daughter Mary, who married Baron von Hugel, a well known Catholic writer on philosophy and Biblical criticism, followed her mother into the Church. The two elder sons (one of whom was pronounced the handsomest man of his generation) were to hold in succession the uncle's Earldom of Pembroke. The third, a young officer in the Navy went down in the *Captain* in 1870; the fourth was the late Sir Michael Herbert, for a time British Ambassador at Washington. Her second daughter married the well known musician Sir Herbert Parry, and the fourth married the son of another convert and became Lady Ripon.

One of Lady Herbert's first acts after her conversion was writing a booklet on *Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church*. It is interesting to learn how some of her own prejudices were overcome. One day when abroad she lost the English Bible which she always carried when traveling. Entering a book-store she saw a copy of the Douay version prefaced by Pope Pius V's letters in which he speaks of the *abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one,* etc. Thus she met a practical illustration of the fact that Catholics are not forbidden to read the Bible, as some Protestants still believe.

On her return trip from the East Lady Herbert shared her cabin with a Catholic girl. One day she asked this girl if her confessor was very severe. "O no!" was the reply; "he only insists that I read a passage of Scripture daily." The fallacy of the worship of images, she says, was settled by common sense. "It is no more worship, in a divine sense of the word, than my feeling for my husband is worship. I have his picture in my room; I wear it on my breast; I love to keep up remembrance of his presence in every way. And in the same manner, and with the same feeling, I wear a crucifix hidden from all eyes, like his picture."

Having devoted much time all her life to charitable undertakings she continued this good work after her conversion, giving much service to the poor in the name of St. Vincent de Paul, and having as associates such remarkable women as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Lothair and Lady Londonderry.

To systematize their work Cardinal Manning suggested mapping out London's poverty stricken area. Poplar fell to the lot of Lady Herbert. Great as was her regard for Cardinal Manning, his successor Cardinal Vaughan proved even more congenial as a helper and director. His great Missionary College at Mill Hill became her especial care, and in its interests she visited America. It was in these precincts that both Cardinal Vaughan and herself were destined to find their last resting place.

For several religious institutions she collected several hundred pounds each year by writing autograph letters, until the required sum was reached. She attended Mass daily at a very early hour, and the remainder of the day was spent in ceaseless occupation. Her social duties were not neglected, but she gave most of her time to religion and charity, and her pen was never idle. She kept up her interest in public and especially political matters, and almost to the end of her long life was able to converse with keen intelligence upon the great events of the day. She was in Rome at the time of the Vatican Council and was classed with the Ultramontanes, although an intimate friend of the Montalamberts and of Mrs. Craven, who did not fully share her views.

Her long life ended Oct. 30, 1911 at Herbert Mansion, which was long familiar to Catholics as the center of many good works. Closely associated all her life with the most brilliant men and women in England, statesmen, soldiers, writers, artists, Churchmen, etc., it was nevertheless not so much as a leader of society, or as a writer of books, "with a special mission to the English Protestant world" that she was endeared to Catholics as by the fact of her being looked upon as a representative nineteenth century convert.

It has been said that her writings need no praise, as their simplicity needs no interpretation; and that she did not write because of any very special literary gift, but rather in the hope of helping and uplifting others.

One of the most prolific writers of her day, her long list of books includes many biographies of saints and holy persons: St. John Baptist de Rossi, St. Cajetan, Geromino, Père Eymard, Bishop Dupanloup and General de Sonis among the number; *Thekla,* and other fiction, much of it interwoven with her own spiritual experiences, and with graphic descriptions of the many lands she had been privileged to visit; not America and Europe only, but Palestine, Egypt and Algiers. One work in two volumes is entitled, *Wives, Mothers and Sisters of Olden Times.*

It is a matter for devout thankfulness when one whose life has been an inspiration to his contemporaries can continue through his writings the same beneficent influence over multitudes yet to come; and everyone who uses the pen should long to make it an effective weapon in one of the great missions of the present day—The Apostolate of the Press. As Lady Herbert's long list of edifying books must have gone before her as a strong advocate at that bar of justice which none can evade, and as their great number brings the thought of supererogation, would that some of us might be privileged to show similar offerings to our own credit.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN said of the subject of this sketch, "It is like telling one's beads or reading a prayer book to turn over her pure pages." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Her writings give us an accurate picture of the life of this sweet singer, a noble woman who, no doubt, shortened her life by her untiring service to the poor and the afflicted. One characteristic only is wanting in her verses—that which Charles Dickens speaks of as "an unusual vivacity, enjoyment and sense of drollery," gifts which help to make life a thing of beauty to one's self and others.

Born in London in 1824, the eldest daughter of a poet, Walter Bryan Procter, and his brilliant and versatile wife, Adelaide Procter was brought up in a literary atmosphere and showed remarkable mental gifts at a very early age. When only a month old she had at least *inspired* poetry, for her adoring father wrote a sonnet to her beginning "Child of my heart! my sweet beloved first-born!" When she was a very little girl, at the age when other children carry dolls around, she was carrying a tiny little album in which her mother had copied her favorite verses, which she displayed great ability in understanding and memorizing. While still very young she easily learned problems of Euclid. Later she became proficient in the French, Italian and German languages, and as a pianist, and "showed a true taste and sentiment in drawing." She was a great reader but her family did not suspect her gift of writing until a poem appeared in the *Book of Beauty*, when she was eighteen years old.

What might be termed the beginning of Miss Procter's fame is told entertainingly by Charles Dickens, at that time editor of *Household Words*. He tells us that in the Spring of 1853 he observed among the proffered contributions a poem, "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually sifting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary

Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and she was invited to send another. She complied, and became a frequent and regular contributor. Many letters passed between the editor and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish at the office of *Household Words* that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But we settled it somehow to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her except that she was remarkably businesslike, punctual, self-reliant and reliable; so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick, and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. The anecdote strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when very young; I had been honored with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful for him to return them, or he will print them for Papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.' "

With very few exceptions all her poems appeared either in

Household Words or *All the Year Round*, of which Dickens was also editor. When collected and published as *Legends and Lyrics* their success was great and immediate. They reached a ninth edition in seven years and in 1877 the demand for her poems was greater than for those of any other living writer except Tennyson. They have been translated into the German. It is said that she borrowed little or nothing. "Her unambitious verses dealing with simple emotional things in a simple manner have a charm which is scarcely explicable on the ground of high literary merit, but which is due rather to the fact that they are the cultured expression of an earnest and beneficent life." Few poems in the language perhaps are better known than "The Lost Chord" to which Sir Arthur Sullivan gave such a noble setting. Among other lyrics which have been set to music are "Sent to Heaven,"—under the title "The Message,"—"The Requital," and "A Shadow." Two are so devotional that they are used as hymns. In *"Per Pacem ad Lucem"* the closing stanza of which is:

> Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
> Like quiet night;
> Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine
> Through Peace to Light
> and
> Thankfulness,

every lovely verse leads up to the crowning one,

> I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
> Though amply blest,
> Can never find, although they seek,
> A perfect rest,—
> Nor ever shall, until they lean
> On Jesus' breast!

Among Miss Proctor's best known narrative poems, found in many anthologies, are the "Story of a Faithful Soul," founded on an old French legend; "The Angel's Story," "Legend of Bregenz" and the beautiful "Legend of Provence," founded upon the legend which has lately been turned into a sumptuous pageant on the film stage—The Miracle. In her poem, Our Blessed Lady

said to the erring but repentant nun, "Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*" The poem ends with these beautiful lines:

No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been,
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,—
God's life—can always be redeemed from death:
And evil, in its nature, is decay;
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life and this the dream.

Splendid lessons which can not be too often repeated are found in "Judge Not," "Cleansing Fires," "Treasures," "Strive, Wait and Pray," "Sowing and Reaping," and "Incompleteness," which begins:

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

She must have been a sun-beam in the home, this "golden tressed Adelaide," as her father called her in one of his songs, with her tender heart and gentle gaiety, that alluring gaiety which springs from a heart at peace with God. N. P. Willis describes her as "a beautiful girl, delicate, gentle and pensive." Fanny Kemble wrote, "Her character and intellectual gifts and delicate state of health, all make her an object of interest to me." Bessie Belloc writes in "In a Walled Garden," "A more vital spirit never inhabited a finely wrought frame. She was so distinct in individuality that it is a pity she was not painted by an artist capable of rendering her singular and interesting face. There was something of Dante in the contour of its thin lines, and the coloring was a pale delicate brown, while the eyes were blue, less intense in hue than those of Shelley; and like his also was the exquisitely fine, fluffy hair, which when ruffled stood out in a halo round the brow. A large oil painting of her exists, done, I believe, by Emma Galiotti, and it is like her as she appeared in a

conventional dress and a most lugubrious mood, but the real woman was quite different. She had a forecast of the angel in her face and figure, but it was of the Archangel Michael that she made one think. There was something spirited and almost militant in her aspect, if such a word can be applied to one so exquisitely delicate and frail. She was somewhat older than myself, and therefore, while I remember Agnes as a little girl, my first distinct memory of Adelaide dates from a period when she was already grown up and had returned from Turin."

Adelaide had spent a year in Italy with her aunt, Madame de Viry, who was attached to the Court Circle at Turin, and who was a devout Catholic. While there, she was profoundly impressed by the appearance of "the saintly wife of Victor Emmanuel," whom she saw one day returning from Holy Communion. "She was passing along one of the galleries of the Palace her face 'shining as with an interior lamp' when she was met by the young English girl, who never forgot the sight. Of this association Adelaide Procter always bore the trace. In her religious attitude she resembled a foreign rather than an English Catholic. She looked like a French woman mounting the steps of the Madeleine, or a veiled Italian in St. Peter's. The one thing she never mentioned was her own conversion." Her sister Agnes joined the order of the Irish Sisters of Mercy and was known as Sister Mary Francis.

Adelaide became greatly interested in social questions affecting women, and in 1859 she was appointed a member of a committee to provide employment for women by the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. In 1861 she edited a volume of miscellaneous verse and prose, set up in type by women, entitled *Victoria Regis,* containing contributions from Tennyson, Henry Taylor, Lowell, Thackeray, Harriet Martineau and Matthew Arnold, and one of her own called "Links with Heaven," a word of consolation to bereaved mothers. In 1862 she published a little book called *A Chaplet of Verses* for the benefit of the Providence Row Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children, the first Catholic Refuge of its kind in England or Ireland. In the introduction of this

book Miss Procter, after describing the work, says "The Refuge is placed under the special patronage of our Blessed Lady and Blessed Benedict Labre. May the Mother who wandered homeless through inhospitable Bethlehem, and the Saint who was a beggar and an outcast upon the face of the earth, watch over this Refuge for the poor and desolate, and obtain from the charity of the faithful the aid which it so sorely needs. We all meditate long and often on the many kinds of sufferings borne for us by our Blessed Redeemer; but perhaps, if we consider a moment, we shall most of us confess that the one we think of least often, the one we compassionate least of all, is the only one of which he deigned to tell us Himself, and for which He Himself appealed to our pity in the Divine complaint, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man *has not where to lay His head.*'"

One poem in the Chaplet was written at the special request of Monsignor Gilbert, Chaplain of the Refuge, and was for years inserted in the annual report and appeal for funds. The profits from this little book were used by him for the founding of a bed in the Refuge called the "Adelaide Procter Bed," a permanent memento to remind one to pray for her soul. In his admiring tribute to her, Dickens says "She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart, and a sterling noble nature.....she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once.

"Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve,

she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden and began to sink. To have saved her life then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed. All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

"At length, at midnight on the 2nd of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she had been reading, and shut it up. The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the little album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one: 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?' 'I think you are very, very ill tonight, my dear.' 'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!'

"Her sister entered as they raised her, and Adelaide said 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile looked upward and departed. Well had she written:—

> "Why should'st thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
> Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
> Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
> Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?
>
> "Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
> Are blinded by their tears or thou wouldest see
> Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
> And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

In this touching and graphic picture of the death-bed scene,

there is still something lacking to the Catholic reader; something which a close friend of the family, Bessie Raynor Belloc, herself a convert to the Church, supplies in this little sketch of the same impressive scene: "One day I got a little pencil note, *'They say the second lung is attacked.'* I hurried off to the house, and found her sitting up in bed, her pretty fair hair standing out in a halo, her blue eyes fastening on mine with an anxious, wistful look. But the momentary panic passed away, and she recovered her cheerfulness, repeated her prayers, talked of Jean Ingelow's poems, made her gentle jests—she was naturally extremely witty—and faced the Destroyer with the most pathetic mixture of resignation and pluck imaginable.

"At last one day—it was the first of February, 1864—I went to her in the evening and found her greatly oppressed. But she was very eager about a poem of mine, 'Avignon', and would sit up in bed holding it in her slender, trembling hands, and trying to correct the proof; the last line ran—

'Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie.'

The evening wore on—nine—ten—eleven o'clock. It was not possible for me to remain later without greatly alarming my parents, and I had to leave. After an anxious consultation with Edythe, I returned to the sick-room and kissed her forehead, saying, 'Good-night, dear.' She looked up at me quickly and gravely and said, 'Good-night.'

"After I had left, they sat beside her,—the mother, the sister, and the maid who had been with them very many years. About two in the morning of the Feast of the Purification her breathing became oppressed. She looked up in her mother's face and said, 'Mamma, has it come?' And Mrs. Procter said, 'Yes, my dear,' and took her in her arms. And so, while Edythe knelt by her side, reciting the prayers for the dying, my dear Adelaide passed away in peace."

It would be a pity not to have recorded this recitation of the prayers for the dying, for we should be sure that thus would the gentle poet wish to pass away, as "her personal habits of

piety were of the most fervent and consistent kind. She was strengthened in much suffering and consoled in much grief, by ardent love for God. She never failed in courage when to publicly confess obedience to the Catholic Church demanded strength of no usual sort, for her lot was cast among those who did not acknowledge the claim; and she, who was eminently delicate in fibre and subject to many fears, went down by slow degrees into the 'valley of the shadow of Death,' with a cheerful heroism rarely seen."

"Her death took place on the Feast of the Purification, of which she had written:

> 'And we know when the Purification,
> Her first feast, comes round,
> The early spring flowers to greet it
> Just opening are found.
> And pure, white, and spotless, the snow-drop
> Will pierce the dark ground.'

So we laid masses of snow-drops all about her, and for years the recurring sight of them brought back the vision of that calm spiritual face amidst the flowers. But of her, more than of others, it truly appeared that only the frail worn envelope lay there. While on earth she had habitually dwelt in the spiritual world; and into its inner depths, behind the veil, the Lord, whom she so well loved, had led her, by a long and painful path, so that it seemed to those who knew her as if by an almost imperceptible vanishing she had been withdrawn from their eyes.

"Over the grave her mother planted ivy, which had grown abundantly when, many years later, her sister Edythe died and was buried in the same grave,—a grave which became a place of pilgrimage to American and Colonial travelers."

ELIZA ALLEN STARR

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those who love Him."

SURELY this chosen soul was one of "those who love Him." Endowed by nature and training with an extraordinary perception and appreciation of beauty in its loftiest forms, with what rapture must she have gazed about her when she stepped across the threshold of this world into the mansion made ready for her amid the glories of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem!

Born in 1824 in the historic town of Deerfield, Massachusetts, Eliza Allen Starr's personality and history were full of interest. Dr. Comfort Starr, the founder of the family, came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, from England in 1634. His son, the Rev. Comfort Starr, was graduated from Harvard in 1647, and was one of the five original Fellows named in the college charter, 1655. On the maternal side she was descended from the "Allens of the Bar," who "distinguished themselves in field and council" during the colonial history of Deerfield, from the time of King Philip's War. Her great grandfather, Samuel Allen, died while defending his family from the Indians at the Deerfield massacre where one of his daughters was tomahawked and a young boy of the family was carried captive to Canada, to be returned later by an Indian woman.

From her parents Miss Starr inherited her love of literature. She was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. The old Deerfield Academy which she attended in her youth was representative of a society well versed in the finer things of life and capable of furnishing the intellectual and artistic inspiration which prepared this gifted girl for her life work. When thirteen years old she went to Boston to study, remaining until 1845. She opened a studio there, but finding the climate unfavorable she went to Brooklyn and later to Philadelphia. Afterwards she taught in the family of a wealthy planter in Natchez, Mississippi,

returning to Brooklyn as teacher of drawing in a boarding school.

Meantime, great things were going on in her soul. Born and bred a Unitarian, it was a sermon preached in Boston Music Hall by Theodore Parker, one of the most eminent of Unitarian divines, which caused the first weakening of her faith in Unitarian tenets. In 1848 she went to Philadelphia, where a Catholic relative, Professor George Allen of the University of Pennsylvania, fostered and strengthened the Catholic impulses which were stirring in her heart. So did Archbishop Kenrick. Still it required nine years to complete her conversion.

Miss Starr was received into the Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston on the third of December and made her First Communion on Christmas Day, 1854. What this step meant of misunderstanding and humiliation at that period, can only be guessed at now. But she accepted her new-found faith with a joy and enthusiasm which, as in the case of all true converts, increased with the years. She found new outlets for her temperament and tastes in the study of Christian Art.

In her acquaintance with Catholics as individuals the new convert encountered the indifference to the real use and meaning of the best things of life which "makes the judicious grieve." As a reverend choir director once said, "We have the great musical masterpieces, we have all the traditions, we have the talent and ability, but if we wish to hear one of our own great masterpieces rendered adequately, we must go to a non-Catholic organization to hear it produced." Would that the army of Tertiaries in this country could remedy this weakness! Miss Starr perceived that Catholics had far too slight an acquaintance with their great heritage, while non-Catholics displayed a greater appreciation of its artistic merits but were blind to its meaning. She was able not only to appreciate the beauty, but to sympathize with and consequently to interpret to the world in a convincing way its symbolic meaning. Add to this profound knowledge of and spiritual insight into her great subject a splendid command of English and a charm of manner due to the "spiritual magnetism of her countenance, the kindling of her eye," and we can form some idea of what a power for good she became.

In 1856 Eliza Allen Starr went to Chicago where she was loved and admired as a teacher of drawing and painting. She received from the World's Fair judges the only gold medal awarded to any art exhibit, and she has left us many examples of her skill. She also made the illustrations for her beautiful books. In 1875 she visited Europe with her nephew William W. Starr, a gifted sculptor. She spent a year in Rome and saw many other scenes associated with the memory of saintly deeds which she described and illustrated in *Pilgrims and Shrines.*

In Chicago in 1877 she began her course of eighty lectures on Christian Art. Soon these were in great demand, so she traveled over the United States giving this course, which embraced the whole history of Christian Art. She used photographs which she had brought with her from Europe, making additions to the series every year. In the first lectures, on the Catacombs, she speaks of the Roman Campagna as "that prairie with a story of more than two thousand years." "And as we stand a moment at the head of the long stairway and cull a few rose buds, even in January, from bushes that overhang the opening, we look around us to realize for the moment at least, that under this fair campagna, under these smiling vineyards, lie, in their narrow beds, an army of the living God, whose resting places, as Leo the Great so beautifully said, 'encircle the Eternal City with a halo of martyrdom.'"

Another interesting topic was "The Likeness of Our Lord." She believed that some one may have limned the Divine features, and shows that all pictures, pictures from the walls of the Catacombs to those of artists of later centuries, follow the approved model: wine colored hair floating off into curls on the shoulders, pointed beard, beautiful oval face, deep, tenderly sad blue eyes. The King of Edessa is said to have procured a likeness. Then there are the pictures sketched by St. Peter, those traced to St. Luke, and wonderful mosaics, even down to the Last Supper. Veronica's napkin, also, is made to form another link in her chain of evidence.

A valuable lecture on the Byzantine period called "The Decline of Art" bridges the lapse between the earliest ages of

Christian Art and its revival by Cimabue, Duccio and Giotto. These artists first broke away from the severe and formal treatment of the Byzantine period, "under the all-powerful and inspiring influence upon life, morals, and especially art, caused by the heroic and holy life of St. Francis of Assisi." The fascination which the life of St. Francis exercised over Giotto influenced all his works. The pictures of Holy Obedience, Holy Poverty and Holy Chastity which he painted on the three arches over the tomb of St. Francis are fine examples of this reverence. One writer asserts that Miss Starr's treatment of Giotto as an architect, in his design for the Campanile of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, is the most fascinating example of her work. After listening to this lecture at the University of Notre Dame, the Very Reverend Edwin Sorin, first Superior General of the Order of the Holy Cross, said, "I have passed through Florence thirty-eight times, and every time I visited Giotto's Tower, but until I heard this lecture I never knew anything about it." Much of the work of sculptors, architects and painters would be unappreciated but for interpreters like Miss Starr. "How many of us would have thoroughly appreciated Turner, but for a Ruskin? How many have gazed on Giotto's Tower or Il Duomo, and not understood them until interpreted by the gentle, spiritualized woman, who has studied them with the breadth of a life of culture, and the purity of a mind refined by faith and prayer?" Her keen spiritual insight is shown in her saying that "Fra Angelico painted for nothing except to save souls." So she interprets all the artists up to modern times. She calls the Sistine Madonna the *inspired* Madonna.

Eliza Allen Starr was preëminently a teacher, expounder and interpreter, one whose authority cannot be questioned. Leading the fullest of lives, when not praying, teaching or lecturing, she was writing. Besides her splendid treatises on art she has written beautiful lyrics. Her first book on *Patron Saints* she dedicated "to the faithful youth of the Catholic Church, to whose interests I am proud to devote my life." "Poetry, art, and the saints most engaged her pen. More delicate moods and sentiments of soul found beautiful expression in poetry; the truths

and lessons of religion in Christian Art; beauty of Christian character in the lives of the saints. In this varied expression of the beautiful is seen the underlying unity of her work." Even on a bed of pain she called for her pen. When she could no longer use it, she dictated her thoughts to others. "She was crucified to her pen" was said at her funeral.

This extract from *Pilgrims and Shrines* clearly shows the underlying motive of all her work: "We often hear people speak of the 'magnificent Liturgy of the Church,' 'the dramatic grandeur of her ceremonies' with a vague, general sort of praise; while they take no pains to follow this Liturgy on the great solemnities, and no trouble to understand the manifold and most delicate symbolism of the ceremonies they profess to admire. The sublime intention of the Liturgy, its claim upon our love and our veneration, can never be understood unless it is studied..... But this Liturgy, whose every day *Dominus vobiscum* dates back to St. Clement, Pope and martyr, his martyrdom closing the year one hundred of the Christian era, whose "Reproaches on Good Friday" were chanted at Constantinople in the fifth century; whose office for Corpus Christi was given as an inspiration to a Thomas Aquinas, embodies in the lessons and homilies of its offices, the choicest poetry and the ripest learning of eighteen hundred years. The neglect of the Liturgy among the educated classes, can alone account for the, at present, singular barrenness of poetic and artistic inspirations, while the stress laid upon the recitation of the Liturgy whenever it is possible.....would seem to indicate a return to these 'fountains of living water' from which the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, may draw 'without money and without price.' And it also promises to re-link that mystical chain of living tradition, without which the most admired works of art lose their life. For, what are the world-renowned frescoes in the church of St. Francis of Assisi, above or below, without the story of St. Francis himself?"

At the entrance to her home in Chicago which she piously named St. Joseph's Cottage—and which was a veritable art museum, although at the Chicago fire she lost her many art treasures—was a fine statue of St. Joseph made by her nephew.

In her later years Miss Starr became her own publisher and nothing but the best and most artistic work was circulated. It is related that on one occasion a piece of work which had been set up by a printer contained some broken type. She immediately paid for the work and ordered it to be destroyed, then took the manuscript to another printer. The crown of her life work was her beautiful *Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura* in the Vatican. She sent a copy of this, bound in white muslin and lettered in gold, to the Pope. He examined it with great interest and sent her in return an exquisite cameo of the Immaculate Conception.

The *Three Keys* is an explanation of Raphael's wonderful frescoes. In the introduction to this really remarkable book she says: "How many stand before these pictures in the Vatican without recognizing more than a few prominent personages, and without any clear idea of the intention of the artist in their arrangement; the story of the human mind and the grand march of intellect through all ages, so wonderfully set forth in them, being, in consequence, wholly or almost lost. And this, simply from never having had the hand laid on the clue which leads them through the labyrinths of these three delightful realms of mind, of heart, of imagination—to look forth, when emerging from them on the world, present and actual, with a keener perception of the possibilities for development which are within us in whatever age of the world we may live, and with a wider understanding also, of the capacity of the human mind for comprehending, or, at least, accepting truths which are often supposed to be incomprehensible. A notable instance of this capacity is Pythagoras, the father of Greek philosophy, who, upon merely hearing of the immortality of the soul, left the arena and the plaudits of the multitude, to give himself to the study of the highest truths; while so many who have come into the inheritance of supernatural revelation concerning this immortality declare themselves incapable of receiving it."

Miss Starr's services to art and religion were long recognized at home and abroad, by prelate, priest and layman. At one time a testimonial and handsome purse were presented to her from

Catholics all over the country, and she was also the recipient of many beautiful medals. In 1885 she received the Laetare Medal from Notre Dame, the first of her sex to have this honor.

A human being is a combination of body, mind and heart, and the finding of beauty in any one of these parts is a cause of joy. Judging from her pictures, Miss Starr had a very pleasing countenance; her mind was certainly of the highest type; and her soul surpassed them both in beauty. A pious soul even before she was brought into the bosom of the one true Church—for while faith is a pure gift of God it is usually bestowed upon the seeker after truth—when she became a Catholic, she was loyal, practical and fervent. On May 17, 1885, she was received into the Third Order at St. Peter's Church, Chicago, by the Rev. Augustine M. Clorg O. F. M., and professed by the same priest on November 21, 1886. She was an ardent and edifying Tertiary going every morning to attend the Holy Sacrifice and nourish her soul at the Divine Banquet and the daily reciting of the office. Her charity was ever extended to the unfortunate, and no appeal for a worthy cause was ever made in vain. She had the still higher charity which prompted her to say only kind things of others. She was incapable of jealousy, and was sympathetic and devoted to family and friends, showing forth in her own life the saintly traits she liked to point out in others.

When living on State St., Chicago, very near the Cathedral of the Holy Name, she could see the sanctuary lamp flickering before the altar at all hours of the day and night. To her dear friend, Sister Stanislaus, now a golden jubilarian of St. Francis Convent, Joliet, (she possesses some of Miss Starr's original lectures and pictures) she said: "Dear Sister, behold the wonderful privilege I enjoy, to live so close to Our Dear Lord in the Holy Eucharist and to be ever reminded of His presence by the glow of the sanctuary lamp, even in my home." At this window, kneeling in the direction of the tabernacle, she spent an hour every day in prayer and meditation. "With desolation," says Holy Writ, "with desolation, is the land made desolate, because there is no one who thinketh in his heart." How would this world of ours be changed, should we all follow this saintly con-

vert's beautiful example of daily meditation and daily communion.

When Miss Starr died at Durand, Illinois, in 1901, her beautiful life was the theme of eulogy on all sides, and Protestants frequently asked, "Will she not be canonized?" Who can say? But we Catholics who believe in the communion of saints can thank God heartily for the knowledge of such loveliness, refreshingly and consolingly opposed to the records of crime and folly kept constantly before our eyes by the lurid headlines—if we go no further—of the omnipresent newspapers of today.

MARY AGNES TINCKER

THERE are Catholic writers who write Catholic books, that is to say books on Catholic subjects or at least redolent of Catholic dogma or practice. There are also Catholic writers whose books bear no impress of Catholic thought, books which never suggest the Catholicity of their authors.

The same classification might be made of Catholic readers. It is still unfortunately and astoundingly true that the great majority of American Catholics who read at all—for alas! we can hardly claim even yet, in spite of some gain in later years, to be a class of readers — read *anything but* Catholic books. Whether this comes through a fear, sometimes expressed, of being preached at, or by a widespread conviction that nothing good can come out of Nazareth, let those explain who can.

It is generally understood that the Catholic writer whose religion is vital and not merely nominal, if he carefully avoids all reference to it in his books, does so because he expects his financial rewards to come from non-Catholic sources, since Catholic publishers as a rule can give but modest compensation for literary products. It is quite noticeable in many cases that a writer who after a good beginning abandons a Catholic atmosphere loses the fine flower not only of an ethical but also of a literary style. This statement applies (in the mind of the present writer, at least,) to the subject of this sketch, who, on the publication of her first two books, *The House of Yorke* and *Grapes and Thorns* under the pseudonym of *M. A. T.* was hailed by discriminating Catholic readers as the brightest star which had appeared on our American Catholic literary horizon. The brightness lost some of its lustre in her subsequent books, when she catered to a different public.

Mary Agnes Tincker was born of a notable family in 1831 in Ellsworth, Maine, the scene of the tarring and feathering of the sweet and saintly Jesuit Father Bapst, by a Know Nothing mob. She came of notable Puritan stock, but in her twentieth

year she was baptized into the Catholic Church. None of her family accompanied or followed her, but even as Protestants they suffered from the Know Nothings.

Miss Tincker began teaching at the age of thirteen, and her first literary work was published when she was fifteen. In 1863, during the Civil War, she went to Washington as nurse and remained there until her health gave out. She spent most of her life in Boston, where in the first flush of her enthusiasm for her new faith she wrote *The House of Yorke.* This novel contained the story of the persecution of Father Bapst, and many personal experiences. It displayed lofty thought as well as fine workmanship. Her second book, *Grapes and Thorns,* like the first, was published in the *Catholic World.* This work Miss Katherine E. Conway, the well known writer, considered the best novel written by an American Catholic. The late Father Matthew Russell, S. J. asked, "Has your Catholic fiction anything better than *The House of Yorke,* and *Grapes and Thorns*?"

The theme of this novel is the inviolability of the seal of the confessional. A saintly priest has to listen to what was supposed to be the dying confession of the murderer of the priest's own sweet mother. After the unexpected recovery of the cowardly murderer, the priest has to suffer the further torture of seeing an innocent man about to be led to the gallows. This theme has no doubt been handled many times before and since Miss Tincker's novel was written, but perhaps never more skillfully or entertainingly. The book has a sympathetic delineation of the Jew, whose lofty character, combined with scholarly and musical attainments, cannot dispel contempt and distrust in the narrow-minded community in which he lives. In one pretty scene a little Jewish child had accompanied him to the home of the priest. Pointing to a picture of our Blessed Lady, she inquires "Who is that?" The priest's mother answers, "She is a very sweet and holy Jewish lady whom we all love." This thought should eliminate narrow prejudice against a great race. Miss Tincker's keen observation of character is shown in the gradual evolution of a frivolous, apparently indifferent Catholic girl into a strong, forceful Catholic woman, ennobled by suffering and by a mighty love for an undeserving husband.

Two subsequent books *Six Sunny Months* and *A Winged Word* soon followed, and of all these novels Rev. John Talbot Smith, the well-known writer and critic said: "They have the quality of distinction. She worked as an artist, earning a foremost place among the novelists of the English tongue." Father James Daly, S. J., speaks of *Six Sunny Months* as "an admirable guide book of Rome, thinly disguised as a novel." "It gives a vivid picture of the city of Pio Nono at a critical period of its eventful history, and is a rich mosaic of bright little details of Catholic life at the centre of Christendom, with a running commentary of shrewd observation, penetrating sympathy and profound reflection in the best literary manner."

Many passages in these earlier books show the strength of Miss Tincker's convictions and her happiness in the Church. For example: "The new convert took up tranquilly his religious studies, viewing from the inside that Church which heretofore he had seen only from the outside. The study was an ever fresh delight; and as, one after another, new beauties were revealed, and new harmonies unfolded themselves, the miracle seemed to be, not that he should see now, but that he should have been blind so long. No one knows, save those who have been born away from this home of the soul, the full delight of that succession of surprises and discoveries in the search made by him who comes late to his father's house. The first dawn or flush of faith, come as faith may, shows only the door, and a dim and long-stretching perspective. But once inside, with what wonder, what curiosity, what incredulity even, we wander about, examining the treasures of this new-found inheritance of ours. Surely, we say, here we shall be disappointed. Here there will be a shade in the picture. But, looking closely, we find instead a still more eminent beauty. Nor are these varied discoveries exhausted in a few months, nor in a few years, nor in many years. Even when the noon of life has been spent in the quest, and twilight comes, still there are

> 'Such suites to explore,
> Such closets to search,
> Such alcoves to importune.' "

After reading this and many another passage showing that her conversion was sincere, her instruction solid, and that she enjoyed acquaintance with many Catholics of the best sort, it is not only sad but perplexing to find that she lapsed somewhat from the practice of her religion for a time in middle life. Thank God, it was only for a time. But the discerning Catholic reader cannot fail to miss in the books of this period the rare atmosphere of her earlier works. Whatever the verdict of her new public, at least one reader felt a perceptible falling off in the artistry of her work.

Miss Tincker lived from 1873 to 1887 in Italy, which she loved. She loved the Italian people also, while always keeping the Puritan point of view. Father Smith says that she liked the people of Italy in a humorous way,—"their failings were so incorrigible, so opposed to Puritan failings, so defiant of common sense in her way of thinking." He declares that she was easily the superior of Marion Crawford in her delineation of modern Italian life.

It is easy to understand the temptation of a writer possessed of brilliant powers to look for a larger audience and a broader arena, and it was only after she abandoned the Catholic for the secular field that Miss Tincker established a reputation which could guarantee a publisher. This reputation was established by *Signor Monaldini's Niece,* published by a well-known Boston firm, one of a popular No-Name Series. In this novel the Catholic tone was "scaled down to suit the taste of the general public."

Mary Agnes Tincker's literary career extended over a period of thirty years—from 1870 to 1900—though for a portion of that time she gave up writing altogether. She returned to the practice of her religion many years before she died and *San Salvador* and a volume of short stories, *Autumn Leaves,* were published by a Catholic publisher. *San Salvador* was written when she was in her sixties, and the book proved that her power had not waned. "Fascinating description, biting characterization, bittersweet epithet, dignity of style, power of plot, charm of contrast, and atmosphere rare and indescribable, were all there."

Those who met Miss Tincker after her return to Boston described her as "a tall, stately, handsome woman, with very beautiful dark eyes and a most captivating smile, of perfect manners, reticent but gifted with biting speech, full of quiet humor and most intense in her sympathies." Her last days were spent in peaceful preparation for her death, which took place in a private hospital in Boston in 1907. She was surrounded with every care by her affectionate relatives, and her confessor, Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, then a young curate, was edified by her sweet patience, and considered himself honored by the privilege of attending her. He relates that at times her mind wandered, and then she would scribble on scraps of paper, thinking that she was writing another book. "It was all very sad for me, but in the midst of it was her real lively faith. I will never forget her deep respect for my priesthood, though she was old enough to be my grandmother. She kissed my hands with the simplicity of a child." She regretted not being able to write to thank certain persons for their expressions of solicitude for her. She spoke often of the many kindnesses lavished on her by friends of all conditions, in particular by Archbishop Williams of Boston who offered to provide a home for her in some convent, where, freed from the cares of life, she might write for the Faith which she had chosen. She remained, however, with her brothers and sisters who had means and were described as "charming people of a past generation, dignified, refined and noble-hearted." Writing had lost its charm for her, but New England Catholics in particular should hold her name in grateful remembrance for those first splendid contributions to Catholic fiction, *The House of Yorke,* and *Grapes and Thorns.*

The distinguished Jesuit writer, Father James J. Daly, in a very discriminating review of Miss Tincker's work says: "There hardly seems any need of the gift of prophecy to predict a return of popular attention to the literary claims of Mary Agnes Tincker. Time has dealt mercifully with most of her work. Traces of age are not altogether absent. A leisurely air and a certain niceness of phrase, recall antique courtesies long out of date. But the scent is the fragrance of lavender, not the musty mold of time."

She died in her 77th year, as did a character in her *By the Tiber*. "Steps entered the room but she did not hear them. There were low voices and a sound of prayer; they did not touch her. She was wandering along a road in New England where she had often walked in childhood, through her father's woods. They stretched eastward from the town in hundreds of acres that no man's memory and no history of man had ever seen other than now,—a stately growth of primeval forests.

"A thread of a brook ran along beside the path. She watched it as she walked, and stooped now and then for the little gold-colored violets that grew beside it. And there was pennyroyal, too. She must gather some of that to take home to mother. The prayers for the dying were being recited for her in Rome, but she knew nothing of them. She was in New England and she was a child. Love, protection, utter safety, all that make the home of childhood, gathered themselves about her. They were close by, beyond the trees.

" 'I like to walk in this road,' she said aloud. A voice disturbed her, though it was low and gentle,—a voice used to speaking on the shore of life, where the waves of eternity come up and fill the ears of the dying as with the murmur of seashells. 'Are you willing to take this solemn journey?' said the priest. She roused herself a little. 'A journey? Does it cost much? I haven't money enough for a journey.' 'It costs only love and penitence,' the priest said with impressive slowness. She sighed with relief, and let the momentary care slip; and, turning her cheek to the pillow, her head drooped a little. 'I have love enough,' she said. There was a pause. She sighed again and more faintly. 'I have penitence enough,' she whispered. The priest bent suddenly forward, and called out in a clear, penetrating voice: 'Jesu! Maria!'

"The Heavenly Ones stood by her as their names were called out with all the passion of a consecrated soul who in that instant performed his most solemn function. Yet they did not come to her in Rome, but to the silent woods of New England. And as they found her, so they led her away,—a child with her hands full of violets and pennyroyal."

Miss Tincker was buried from St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, Massachusetts. Father Blunt, now so distinguished in literary work, was the celebrant of her funeral Mass.

EMMA FORBES CARY

IN THE classic city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, under the shadow of far-famed Harvard University, this noble woman spent most of the eighty-five useful and edifying years of her life. She was born in 1833 and trained by her mother and her governess in Unitarianism of the Channing school, which she says was "full of spiritual feeling and high ideals" but which, as she grew older, she felt did not belong to Protestantism. When her governess read to her the *Imitation of Christ* and some selections from Fenelon, she felt that here was where these lofty ideas belonged. "As if I had found a precious bit of Mosaic and sought for the work of art from which it had been severed, I hid these maxims in my heart and pondered on them."

A great prelate once told Miss Cary that she had always been a Catholic; but she was twenty-two years old when she was baptized by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston and formally received into the Church. Her account of the apparently trifling incident which led to her first visit to the Bishop makes interesting reading. Her mother was dissatisfied with her way of dressing her hair, about the time of her twenty-first birthday, and sent for a young girl named Harriet Ryan to arrange it for her. "I knew nothing of Harriet Ryan and cared little for my coiffure, but I never disputed my mother's decisions. So, one morning there appeared in my room a lovely young woman who looked like a Fra Angelico angel. I can see her now, her rippling hair, her shining eyes and peach bloom complexion. Her mouth was beautiful, whether it expressed joy or grief or enthusiasm, or gave that enchanting laugh which only belongs to those of Celtic blood.

"I don't remember much about the hair-dressing, but I soon found out that H— R— was a Catholic, and possessed of faith such as I had never seen. We became intimate friends and she took me with her to visit her sick poor, to whose desolate homes

she brought cheer and sunshine.....But not only did she show me how to love and serve the poor, but she advised me to go to see Bishop Fitzpatrick, (Bishop John, every one called him) to consult him about a charitable scheme of mine. I remember well the November day that I went to see him in the shabby old house opposite the Cathedral. I remember the grand looking man in a faded purple garment who came into the room where I had waited an unconscionable time. I remember that he 'spoke as one having authority and not as the Scribes and Pharisees.' "

Soon after this visit she entered upon a course of instruction and read many Catholic books. She also read some unsavory books on the other side, and she says that what conduced to her conversion was the fact that Protestants argued their cause by attacking Catholics, while Catholics explained dogmas, refuted slanders, but did not abuse or ridicule their opponents.

In about eleven months after her first visit to the Bishop she was received into the Church, October 4, 1855. Too often, alas! we hear of coolness and discord in families when one of their number takes this step. It is pleasant to read this tribute to her friends given by Miss Cary: "I have never met with anything but affectionate courtesy from non-Catholics, and many of my relatives and friends came to see me received."

When Miss Cary had been fifty-seven years a Catholic she wrote: "I have suffered nothing for the Church and she has given me everything. I never consciously lost a friend or acquaintance by becoming a Catholic. My family took me, as it were, under their especial care, and if an ignorant or unkind remark was made about the Church, some one would say 'We have a Catholic among us and we never say such things,' or words to that effect. Though I have lived chiefly with Protestants, my active work has been exclusively among Catholics. 'You were sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel,' a priest said kindly to me, when I bewailed the fact that I made no converts..... The natural, or rather supernatural result of a half century spent in the Church is this: The soul grows closer and closer to the heart of the Church; finds an ever widening enjoyment of her treasures, intellectual and spiritual; and learns to refill the narrowing

circle of human interests with new and invigorating friendships."

In 1867 she became a member of the Prison Commission of Massachusetts where she did splendid service for twenty-five years, working at home after old age and weakness came, resigning because of delicate health in 1892. Associated with her in this work, was the gifted writer and journalist Miss Katherine E. Conway, and they became intimate friends. Miss Conway describes Miss Cary as tall and fine looking, possessing a nobility and distinction of carriage which sometimes reminded her of some of the beautiful statues she saw in Rome.

Added to her intellectual gifts was the gift of music which she cultivated long after the years when even professional musicians, as a rule, are obliged to drop it. At the age of seventy-six she possessed the dimpled hands of a young girl, which was due, she said, to her daily practice at the piano. The prestige given her by her noble appearance and high social connections was a helpful factor in her work on the Prison Commission, and she made the most of every power given her to help the unfortunate wards of the state. At the time she was first appointed to this position there was no Catholic chaplain in any of the Massachusetts Institutions. It was in 1875 that the late Rev. Dr. Byrne, V. G., first celebrated Mass for prisoners, in spite of the fact that harsh things were said about there being more Catholic prisoners than others. Miss Cary fearlessly pointed out the truth, that while the number of Catholics might be unduly large, most of them were there for petty offenses. It is well understood by thinking people that there are *crimes* which are not *sins*; moral and legal standards are not necessarily in perfect agreement. Her experience showed her that the first generation of immigrants furnished practically no criminal cases; that the second generation gave trouble because of inability on the part of parents to grapple with the new problems which large cities offer to the new-comer; and that the third generation showed the equilibrium restored.

Miss Cary's great charity, which could not be exaggerated, and her keen judgment enabled her to understand a situation resulting from new conditions. She gave unsparingly of time,

health and all her numerous endowments to this great work, always showing herself the simplest, humblest and most modest of women, and never alluding to her high connections. She was also much interested in Catholic reformatory work as carried on in Houses of the Good Shepherd. She was head of a chapter of Regents of an association consisting of herself, Miss Conway and five or six others interested in the up-building of Trinity College at Washington, D. C. The meetings of the association were held at her home at Brattle St., Cambridge. She was also a devoted member of the Children of Mary at the Berkeley Street Convent of Notre Dame, serving as secretary to this society, which, among other good works, did splendid service in the matter of providing church vestments.

When Miss Cary's sister, the wife of Professor Agassiz of Harvard, became one of the foremost figures in the movement to establish Radcliffe College, working in the interest of intellectual advancement, Miss Cary founded the Radcliffe Catholic Club in order that spiritual interests might be safe-guarded amid the temptations of modern college life. For the meetings of this club she offered the hospitality of her home, and she became an inspiration to the eager young souls who gathered there week after week. Among her other activities must be mentioned the giving of her time and mental gifts to the teaching of Sunday School classes, concerning which she once wrote: "There is one result of my conversion in which I take an honest pride. It enabled me to teach the catechism to the Reverend Editor of the *Ave Maria.*" Referring to this Father Hudson says "Dear Miss Cary was god-mother, teacher and more. She was a noble woman."

In her earlier life Emma Forbes Cary wrote articles for the *Catholic World* and was contributing editor of *The Leader,* a juvenile publication of the Paulist Fathers, with which she was long connected. She compiled for private circulation a book which became very popular, *The Day-Spring from on High,* containing some literary gems and suggestions for daily meditations. Many other things which she wrote, though well worthy of book form, remain uncollected.

During the last years of her life Miss Cary divided her time between her Cambridge home, where she lived from September to June, and the Convent of the Cenacle at Brighton where she spent the summer months. She frequently expressed the wish that God would allow her to close her eyes within the hallowed walls of the Cenacle, and He graciously granted her wish. In August, 1918, she peacefully breathed her last in her convent cell. She was buried August 9th in the chapel of the Cenacle, with the simplicity which she would have approved, but with the extraordinary honor also of having the Mass celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Peterson, Rector of the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Brighton, and having Boston's illustrious Cardinal O'Connell preach her eulogy. Some extracts from the address of His Eminence will show the high regard he had for this member of his flock: "The eyes of many are opened, but alas! their feet refuse to tread the path which the light reveals. Not so with Emma Cary. With her always—so genuine she was,—to see was to walk, to know was to do; and though the instrument of God was humble to her human eyes, she recognized that it was Divine Wisdom itself who acted upon her soul through the humility of His handmaid and hers." Saying that she kept her remarkable intellect to the last, the Cardinal said, "There was no trace of luxury about her, she was too genuinely refined for that. Miss Cary in religion was neither erratic, nor ecstatic, nor fanatic, but full to the brim of common sense. She was sometimes annoyed by the attitude of certain converts—as when the question was asked on the occasion of a church being struck by lightning and a nun killed while at prayer, 'Why should God allow such things?' Miss Cary was silent for a moment, and then remarked in her calm way, 'You have still to learn in the Catholic Church that God knows more than we, and can perfectly be trusted to rule His whole world.' That was all, but it served its purpose supremely. The nobility of her character was written upon the features of her wonderful countenance—perfect straightforwardness, perfect uprightness and perfect sincerity. She moved with calm serenity and complete confidence in the midst of an atmosphere of doubt. In Cambridge she lived in the

very midst of intellectual vagaries, but they never even touched the fringes of her faithful soul. She admired those who were seeking truth, but could not help wondering why they never realized that theories they hold as sacred today, tomorrow are faded and withered and decayed. But she only prayed the more fervently that God would show them His truth.

"During all her life she helped others, but in helping others she worked solely for God. She accepted and used all the gifts that God had given her, and they were very many, for the glory of God, her own sanctification and the edification of others. This is the only true greatness and for this she was a truly great woman. The circle of those who knew her personally may be small, but her influence will be felt by thousands who knew her only as a name. The room of her Cambridge home was the cell of a saint, and the waves of her saintliness, enlarged by the power of God, will reach an horizon far beyond the radius of her acquaintances. Her beautiful, noble Catholic life on earth is now ended, and her eternal reward, the only one for which she labored all her life, has only begun. So let us pray with Holy Church, 'Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her."

MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL, O. S. D.

(Augusta Theodosia Drane)

Prioress Provincial of the Congregation of Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine of Siena, Stone, England.

THE subject of this sketch is another of those illustrious converts who found the way home (which is said to rhyme with Rome) over the Tractarian road, though perhaps less directly than some of her fellow travelers. Certainly the famous Gorham judgment acted upon her friend and adviser Mr. Maskell, whose influence over her was very strong, as it did in many other cases, notably in that of Cardinal Manning. Like many another convert of that period, once she had the true faith she recognized it as the one great good and devoted the remainder of her long life and her magnificent talents to its service.

Augusta Drane was born at Bromley, near Bow, in the east of London, December 28, 1823. She lived in luxury up to the time of her twenty-first year, when her family became reduced in circumstances. Then she had the opportunity to test the sincerity of her previously expressed conviction of the superiority of poverty to riches. She bore the test well and learned, as she herself expresses it, "to understand that the really beautiful thing in this world, the only beautiful one, is unselfishness." An important part of her home was a garden which she describes as perfect of its kind, a little paradise. To her lovely surroundings may be traced the love of nature which afterwards appeared in her writings.

Augusta's father possessed highly cultivated tastes. He was a book collector, an amateur performer upon organ, piano, harp, flute and French horn, "though his knowledge of music was not scientific. Far more decided was his talent for landscape painting, and his intense love and appreciation for natural scenery." She describes her mother as "the most beautiful being I ever

beheld! Though an almost constant invalid, she was always cheerful, always employed." As her husband's happiness consisted in gratifying her desires "with a lavishness which would have spoilt any disposition less simple and unselfish than hers," it will be seen that the home was a happy one.

The family consisted of one son and three daughters, the youngest being Augusta, three and a half years younger than the next older sister. The most attractive room to her in their large and beautiful house was the rather unusual library which was "rich in travels and history." Here the little girl spent a great deal of time. When she was twelve years old she had read "whatever was readable in prose and verse." In after life she considered that her passion for Natural History and Natural Science was a special Providence which drew her away from what would otherwise have been the reading of too much poetry and fiction.

Augusta was considered "a naughty child, passionate and excitable," a disposition resulting in great measure from the effects of a brain fever in very early infancy. It is related that once when she was promised a silver medal if she would not be naughty for a week, she looked at the coveted medal, sighed, and said, "Dood for a whole week? Impossib!" Certainly there is no foreshadowing of her future life here.

Older readers of this sketch may recall at least the title of a very bigoted anti-Catholic book called *Father Clement.* This the little Augusta found in her grandfather's library, and of course she read it. Instead of producing the effect intended by the author, the book enlisted all her sympathies with the hated Jesuit priest, "Father Clement." She "hated the Calvinists and loved the Papists in that book." Moreover, Father Clement's Holy Week sermon, in the book, gave her her first ideas on that sacred subject.

When she was about twelve years old Augusta was sent to school, as her sisters no longer needed a governess. Before that time she had read Sully's *Memoirs* in four volumes, Hume's *History of England* (which she "detested") Milton, Homer, Burder's *Oriental Customs* and many other books, including Spenser, Shakespeare, Bishop Horne's *Sermons, and Butler's*

Analogy. "Bryant's *Ancient Mythology* fascinated me, and embedded in my mind a conviction of the truth of the Book of Genesis, by reason of its harmonies with the traditions scattered among the mythologies of Persia, India, and the rest, which all the wild talk and wild writing of the present day critics will never have power to shake. I used to live in the early chapters of the Book of Genesis at one time." Would that all those in charge of the young of either sex would understand and act upon Mother Francis Raphael's idea! "Books are Providences," she used to say. "They have as much to do with forming our lives as friends, or even more. Up to the age of nineteen, I had few friends, but I had read many books."

When the little girl went to school, at the age of twelve, she easily led her class, girls sixteen and seventeen years old. Here she met in the person of one of her teachers her "first real friend." From her she learned "all that I knew of patience in dealing with other souls, and the magic of sympathy and reason." She declares that at this time the one article in her creed was *"Credo in Deum."* This belief she traces to the studies in natural history which awakened in her heart a worship of the Creator of so much beauty.

Leaving school when she was thirteen, Augusta led a somewhat solitary life. She used to "sit and think and think." She wrote out her thoughts in a sort of biography, fashioned after St. Augustine's *Confessions*. After writing this she put it into the drawer *where she kept her squirrel's nuts* and forgot about it. Her aunt discovered it and after her aunt's death her executors found it, and by Augusta's direction it was burned. She also wrote much verse at this time.

When Augusta was fourteen her father gave up his business and retired to the country which he had always longed for. Here she became interested in Church History, and greatly enjoyed the preaching of George May Coleridge the vicar of the church she attended, and here for the first time she "listened to dogma." "I learned to believe and to know that I believed in the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Church, the Sacramental system. I learned to read the scripture as interpreted by the Prayerbook.

I learned to love the Prayerbook, to love the mystical sense, too, of the Sacred Text, and to all this I applied myself with an inexplicable ardor. In 1839 I was confirmed and went to Communion for the first time." That winter and the following spring were spent in London where she had her first taste of London society, in the midst of which she felt in her heart "You are not meant for this." That winter she also went to Mass for the first time. "I understood nothing and liked nothing of what I saw; and on returning, said, 'Well I have been to Mass for the first time in my life; I think it will probably be my last."

Augusta soon developed High Church tendencies of which her father disapproved. She declares that to Mr. Coleridge more than to any other, she owed her Christianity. Once at his house she saw a striking-looking bust, and noticing the remarkable head she asked who it was. "I saw a hesitation in his manner, as he answered, 'Don't you know? That is Newman!'" One of the curates at that time was George Burder who afterwards became a Catholic and Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's.

Though the Oxford movement was in progress, there had been no mention up to this time of confession. But Augusta had made up her mind when she was only sixteen that confession was a necessity of human nature. Mr. Maskell was the first to bring up the question in the Church of England, and he said to Miss Drane: "Where you got the notion I can't think, but you were eight years in advance of your age."

"In that same year, 1839," Augusta says, "I had read, among other works, Burnet's *History of the Reformation.* That book was the real cause of my conversion. I was too young, too little used to follow out my convictions to their logical issue, for the impression received from its study to produce at the time much practical effect; but in point of fact, not Burnet's own narrative, but the *Original Documents* printed in his alternate volumes, satisfied me, and would satisfy anyone of the fallacy of any theory which professes to regard the institution of Henry VIII, Cranmer, Edward VI and Elizabeth, as any portion of the Catholic Church."

Early in 1847 a period of great internal distress began.

Like many others of the High Church party Augusta called herself a member of the Catholic Church, while deep in her heart was the conviction that she was not inside the fold and that it was her duty to enter at all costs. In the summer of that year Mr. Coleridge died, to her great sorrow, and was succeeded by Mr. Maskell who was of still more advanced views, and who eventually became a Catholic. Miss Drane was constantly longing for confession, and that year was a "year of torture." In August her mother and sister went to Scotland, and with more time than usual to think she became such a prey to grief and anxiety that her mother found her really ill on her return. She was confined to her bed for weeks and weeks. "I had meekly to submit to the work of destruction being completed by that Unseen Hand that had set to work to tear away my plaster and whitewash. When it was all gone and I saw my life 'perished without fruit,' I asked myself what remained to be done. Then, at last, the only true conviction of my soul spoke out and made itself heard. Smothered for nearly nine years, at last it spoke, and spoke plainly—Confession, and to a *Catholic Priest. Confession,* to ease an overburdened heart, *to a Priest,* to get absolution and to a Roman Catholic Priest, because there is nobody else who can give it."

Having made this decision, Miss Drane confided in a friend who advised her to communicate with some Anglican authority first. She consulted John Keble, whose advice was so far from being satisfactory that she felt she had asked him for bread and been given a stone. Confined for two months longer to her room, she read "all manner of spiritual books. Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living,* Baxter's *Saint's Rest,* Sherlock's *Practical Christian,* and for the first time, oh! never-to-be-forgotten experience, St. Augustine's *Confessions,* which with its picture of a soul somewhat similarly shaken and shattered to pieces by an inward storm (sent how, or whence, who could say?) went through me like a thousand arrows."

During this period of mental and spiritual agony Augusta's father became dangerously ill, her brother was prostrate with jungle fever, every servant in the house was ill and her mother

was obliged to nurse them all. Augusta left her sick-room as soon as she could to help her mother, which was a certain relief to her mind, but still her condition was so unsatisfactory that the doctor advised exercise and change of air. She went as soon as possible to her sister's in London. As it was Lent she used to walk to the nearest church where there was Lenten services twice a week, "and how detestable it seemed!.....In fact, I was thirsting for Mass and the Sacraments. Moreover I was still far from well, and I did not improve matters by the manner in which I kept that Lent.....still I was at times surprised to find a kind of *mental* strength new to me. It was the first fruit of bitter suffering."

Then, on April 19, 1848, there came to Augusta the agonizing blow of her mother's sudden death. She remained at home alone for a time after that, and she says: "Not being able to procure a crucifix, I began to carve one for myself, and finished it. Something must be done with my life—and every day, strange as it seemed, incomprehensible then, but not now, I felt this new strength growing, a strength of will and reason. It was that vigorous after-growth which follows on the death, or, if you will, the mortification of the imagination, like the new growth of a tropical forest after a fire has burnt up the old."

Feeling an intense energy which demanded work, Miss Drane resumed her visits to the poor, and also founded a school in which she undertook the religious instruction of the children. This active work brought her into closer contact with the rector, Mr. Maskell, and when he discovered her feelings about confession he objected to giving her Communion until she had made her confession. She finally went to confession to Dr. Pusey, and although not really satisfied after it, she did feel (as a reward, no doubt, of her great desire to do what God required) a certain degree of interior peace. But then came new difficulties. "Why, in happier days, nay, in the happiest, had I always felt as though a black curtain hung over the future? Why had I shrunk so from the particular phantom I had nicknamed 'the world?' What was the meaning of that favorite theory of mine about the Superiority of Poverty?"

She began to understand. Vocation was to a certain degree preceding conversion. She began to see that something besides becoming a Catholic lay before her, and that the one great change and separation, and death to domestic ties, would only be the forerunner of another more complete. Let this prevision of her future life be related in her own words, written for an intimate friend, without the slightest notion of their ever being published. "Religious life," I thought to myself, "is not necessarily convent life. Perhaps what I am meant for is to lead a 'religious life' in the world. What is 'religious life?' The three vows, and with them separation from the aims and habits of the world, devotion to the poor, work for souls, and works of charity. I thought out all I had to think on paper, and sketched the 'Ideal of a Religious Order' which should give a rule and a bond of union to persons working in the world and unable to go into a convent. It was to have Constitutions (where did I get that word) and superiors, and so on. It was to have works, and institutes of charity were to be aggregated to it; our little group of schools might be among them. I gave my sketch to Mr. Maskell and asked him to read it, and tell me what he thought of it.

Standing by a myrtle-tree one day in the garden, just going out, he said, 'By-the-bye, I have read your sketch. Do you know, an order exists among Roman Catholics very like what you describe?' 'Indeed! I know nothing of it; what is it called?' The Third Order of St. Dominic,' he replied. As he said the words I thought I should have fainted. I burst into a profuse perspiration, and laid hold of the myrtle-tree to prevent myself from falling. I went back into the house, and wrote down the name in my pocket-book, saying to myself, 'Some day I shall belong to the Third Order of St. Dominic.'"

She now added to her activities various kinds of literary work, among others that of making a large collection of poetry. She examined her work, selected some sonnets to work over, and made a "big conflagration" of the rest. Just before being received into the Church she reasoned that "first, the clinging I had to that particular collection indicated that something of self

was nestling in it; second, that writings which bore the stamp of my old Anglican self could not also bear a genuine Catholic stamp; third, that it cost flesh and blood something to sacrifice them, and therefore they had better be sacrificed. So I took a match and burnt them, and was glad of it, for I felt a cord had been snapped. I have never regretted the act, and I am perfectly sure if many converts would do the same they would do a good deed."

About this time also she came upon a copy of Rodriguez's "Religious Perfection" which fairly took her off her feet. Meanwhile, the Gorham case was still "dragging along like a wounded snake." Her father's intense hatred of the doctrines which were attracting her so strongly made it necessary for her to conceal her own views to a certain extent while she was still undecided as to her course. This was very displeasing to her nature, which was one of extreme devotion to the truth, and she expressed herself so forcibly on the subject to Mr. Maskell that he told her to write it out as strongly as she could and that he would print it. This he did. It is the first of Miss Drane's works, and its value is shown in the fact that Newman quoted from it in his lectures on the "Difficulties of Anglicanism." It contained an impassioned plea for the sanctity of truth, and asked that only the arrows of truth be the weapons of controversy. "And when," says her biographer, "the long struggle from the 'city of confusion' into the city of God being at last over, she found her feet on the Rock, she rejoiced with exceeding great joy in the peaceful possession of the truth. Her love of Holy Mother Church as the infallible and consistent teacher of all revealed truth increased with every year of her life."

In the early part of 1850 Miss Drane felt she could no longer reconcile her conscience to continuing in the Anglican Church. Then began the struggle, and the temptation so familiar to many Anglicans who dearly love the atmosphere which has always been to them the atmosphere of home. How could she leave all these dear associations and discontinue the work which had flourished under her hands? She resolved to "burn her ships," that there might be no possibility of retreat. Her father's distress when

she told him of her intention must have been most distressing to her, but "bad as it was," she says, "it was an immense relief to me. I had pulled the string of the shower bath, and now there was no recall." On the third day of July she and another young lady received the sacraments of confession and baptism conditionally administered—"What an ecstasy it was to feel the water, on one's head and to be *sure*!"—and made their profession of faith.

"How happy I was!—so happy that I could not understand myself. I was not in the least pious, and did not want to say my prayers, but to go into the garden and tell the air and the sky and the fields how happy I was. Mr. Fanning (the priest) perfectly understood me, and instead of prescribing piety, desired us both to eat strawberries, and I obeyed. I think I ate a good many. I also wished to take a sketch of the house and the church, and sat among the strawberry beds and drew them. The garden was divided from a field by a loose railing, and as I was drawing, two sheep came and put their heads through to look at us. I drew them, and added a third in the distance. When I showed this sketch to my sister, she took a pen and write over the distant sheep her initials, L. D., as though to avow that she was not yet of the fold and knew it. She afterwards became a Catholic.

"In the afternoon I returned home. The interior peace of that railway journey—deep peace,—I shall never forget! It seemed to go into my very bones, and made itself sensible even to the body. It was not excitement, nor joy, nor high spirits, but peace. I felt I could say nothing, think nothing but 'I am a Catholic!' I felt so detached too, so careless of what the future might bring forth—life or death—all was one now."

As soon as she was really inside the Church Miss Drane asked for information about the Third Order of St. Dominic and was referred to Bishop Hendren, who was to confirm her in a few days. He said, "You had better go over to the convent and ask them there." When she reached the convent she was admitted by a novice who said in answer to her question: "I suppose you know that we are the Third Order of St. Dominic." "I felt

overwhelmed," said Miss Drane. "It was like meeting one's fate." This novice, who was the first member of the Order she had ever seen, was Sister Mary Imelda Poole, who afterwards became her own Novice Mistress, later the Mother Provincial.

In spite of more or less unhappiness at home consequent upon her change of religion, her religion itself brought her great joy. In later years she loved to dwell upon the time when she "first learned to appreciate the Mass and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, those first days when the smell of incense and the sight of a lighted altar were new sensations, full of rapture and redolent of faith."

"She used to congratulate herself—and this will be a useful hint to many converts—that the only Catholic books which were at that time at her command, were those of an old-fashioned library, 'which', she used to say, 'I read right through, beginning at the top shelf and going on to the bottom. Hay, Gother, Challoner, St. Alphonsus Liguori, a few Saints' lives, (St. Teresa was the first) then Alban Butler, and other books of the old school. It got into me a good deal of solid instruction, and sobered me, taking the Puseyism out of me. Still I am conscious', she used to add with genuine humility, so different from the idea of some converts, that they know everything already, 'I am conscious that it has been very slowly and gradually that my mind has expanded to Catholic light. And I have been constantly amazed at the discovery of how profound was my ignorance of the real Christian verities.' "

On the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 16, 1850, she was received into the Third Order of St. Dominic, as a secular Tertiary living in the world.

In 1851 she visited Rome, and while there she became convinced that she had a vocation to the religious life. It was some time before she found a confessor who understood her needs, but one Sunday afternoon she felt a strong conviction that the preacher of the afternoon, Père Besson, a Dominican Father, was intended to be her guide. She made an appointment to meet him and thus describes the interview: "I always remember that day with wonder. I did not understand myself. Père Besson

said very little except to encourage me to speak out all that was in my soul, and when I had done, he began, and taking every one of my words, he unwound them as if he had been unwinding a tangled skein of silk. If he had known my whole life and the interior of it, he could not have comprehended me better, and he made me comprehend myself. The light he gave me during that hour has remained a light till now, and often greatly helped me both to comprehend my own troubles and those of others."

This priest advised her to make a retreat at the Trinità, promising to help her afterwards. "The retreat passed in a storm of reluctance and resistance to the call which she felt to enter religion; and on the last night, she rushed to the Chapel of the Mater Admirabilis. There Our Lady made her presence so sensibly felt that the storm was entirely calmed and repugnance gave way to peace and joy. This was on the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. She left a ring she much valued to be set in the crown of the Mater Admirabilis as a token of gratitude."

On her return to England in 1852 Augusta determined to carry out her decision to enter religion. In September she and the friend who went with her to Rome made a retreat at the Clifton convent. They became postulants on October 4th, the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, and on December 7th, eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, they received the habit. This was the beginning of the tender friendship with Mother Imelda, a friendship which remained unbroken until death.

In 1853 all the novices were transferred to the unfinished convent of Stone, where Sister Francis Raphael was to spend the rest of her life. During that year a sermon preached by Doctor Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, had an extraordinary effect on the new novice. He dwelt on the love of our Blessed Lord for each of us personally, and the result to her was a sweetness in her soul which was overwhelming. "When in my cell alone, I lay prostrate on the floor in a sort of ecstasy. I could not sleep for three nights, but lay broad awake, thinking, 'He loves me! He loves *me myself* with a personal love!' I could hardly touch food. There was a complete revolution in my spiritual life and

the solid grace lasted when the sensible devotion was withdrawn. But I learned then how far safer it is to walk habitually in the paths of faith than in the joys of sensible devotion."

Her novitiate ended, Sister Francis Raphael pronounced her final vows, and chose for her motto *Domine, non sum dignus,* and for her mystery the Immaculate Conception. Her full name in religion was Sister Francis Raphael of the Immaculate Conception. When, twenty-five years later, Bishop Ullathorne wrote her a letter of congratulation upon her silver jubilee, she wrote in reply:—"I have truly cause to call myself a child of the Immaculate Conception. It was in the year 1849 that, being then a Protestant, some one calling at our house said that on the previous Sunday a sermon had been preached on the Immaculate Conception. It was the first time to my knowledge that I had ever heard the expression, but without the least idea what it meant, it seemed to me the most exquisite music, and a curious sort of sensation came over me, which I can only describe as the being brought into the presence of something ineffably *white.* I asked what was meant by the Immaculate Conception, and was told, (what so many Protestants think it means) that our Lady's birth was miraculous, as our Lord's was.

"I said, 'I am sure it is not that, though I don't know what it is; but whatever it is, it is true;' and thereupon I went up to Mr. Maskell (he had preached the sermon), and begged for an explanation. Then I heard the doctrine explained for the first time. It was an entirely new idea to me, but I felt an intense faith in it, and that instantly, without any pause or waiting to think about it. It was like a great flood of light on the Incarnation. I believe that act of faith was the impulse that made me a Catholic.

"The year after I was received I went to Rome, where I made a Retreat, in the course of which my Confessor decided that I ought to enter religion. All my life, not merely as a Catholic but as a Protestant, this idea had been familiar to me; but directly it was decided, such a storm began in my soul as I could not describe, and it seemed to me as if I had never really loved the world till I distinctly understood that I was to leave it.

I believe it was a sort of interior revelation that my real world was natural affections, tastes and habits, and that the sacrifice of them would be a kind of death. However, I can only remember spending hours every day in the large empty church of the Trinità, literally watering its pavement with my tears. But one day before the retreat ended, the storm suddenly stopped, and was succeeded by a profound peace; and that day was the eve of the Immaculate Conception, on which day next year I was clothed, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of which I have just been keeping. Truly, I can repeat your Lordship's words, and look on what I was and what I am, and feel lost in Thanksgiving! ....It seems to me that all good things have come to me through this special mystery of an Immaculate Mother."

Upon the death of the Prioress in 1872 Mother Francis Raphael succeeded her, greatly against her own desires and inclinations, and she "passed through a period of unmixed misery" in the contemplation of it. Her dear friend Mother Imelda wrote her a letter at the time, in which with sweet frankness she pointed out all Mother Francis Raphael's defects, both external and internal, showing her misgivings as to her success in the position. Five years later Mother Francis Raphael reminded Mother Imelda of this, and during the day Mother Imelda sent this note to her friend:

"My very dear sister, and true yoke-fellow,—You remind me of the misgivings with which I first laid the burden of authority upon you, and for the minute my attention was so fixed on the past, that there was not time to express all the joy and gratitude of my heart for all you have been to me during these five years. Not one of the misgivings has been verified, and more, far more than I could venture to hope has been realized. All hearts have been won, and the whole Community appreciates all that you are to each one; while to me—what shall I say?—you are at once my pillow and my staff. How good God is to grant us, even in this world, such a great blessing as a perfect union of two hearts in Him!

Your devoted and grateful Mother,

S. M. Imelda."

This note Mother Francis Raphael kept in her desk the rest of her life, marked "My greatest treasure," and when, on her death-bed she was sorting her papers she kissed it and said, "Put it carefully into Mother Imelda's memoir; it is my greatest treasure."

The virtue which Sister Francis Raphael's impetuous nature found most difficulty in acquiring was that of patience but, since we are told that humility is the groundwork of all other virtues, surely her preëminence in this latter virtue must have more than offset any faults of impatience. Here is one proof of her humility: Fearing, after she became Prioress, that in governing others her own soul might suffer from lack of correction, she begged one of the Sisters to point out her faults, saying, "I know I have swarms." As Mother Imelda did not deem this advisable, she wrote to the same Sister, "You will make up to me by prayer, will you not? God can supply one means by another, and I would not go against obedience for any amount of penance." But though the struggle to attain the virtue of patience was life-long, "none of those who watched around her bed of suffering in her last illness would doubt that it was won!"

Mother Francis Raphael's humility was extremely marked. She could never understand how God could love one so unworthy as she believed herself to be. After her final illness had overtaken her, in November, 1893, she cast herself more and more completely upon the Divine mercy. Writing to a Dominican Father she says, "The charity I have to ask is your prayers that I may be patient, even to the end. I have learned experimentally that we need special graces to suffer; courage and endurance are worth so much tinder. Nothing but God's grace supporting us can help us to bear sharp pain. I am *sure* that it is good, and very good, for me to have this pain, and I trust it will squeeze out some bits of pride and sensuality, and teach me to know my own nothingness more and more. For the rest, I abandon myself into His hands, that He may do with me according to His good pleasure, so long as He will but help me to love Him perfectly before I die." As a natural consequence of her love for Him, it was happiness for her to know that she had helped anyone.

On December 6, 1893, she received the blessing of the Holy Father, Leo XIII, and on the festival of the Immaculate Conception she received the blessing sent her by the Most Reverend Father-General of the Order of St. Dominic.

She had a great desire to die as a private religious, not in office, so that she might practice obedience. This desire was granted, and when the new Provincial was elected, April 13, 1894, a marvelous peace and joy seemed to take possession of Mother Raphael's soul. On the morning of April 29th, she received the last Sacraments in full consciousness. "At eleven o'clock at night, she had her last prayers recited for her, ending with the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus. She herself joined in them with much fervor. Then for the last time she said her favorite prayer, 'Take, O Lord, and receive,' and the Divine Praises. She turned, as she finished, quite brightly, to a Sister who had just come in, saying, 'We must always say, Blessed be God.' These were her last fully conscious words." Soon after 1:00 A. M. her spirit passed gently out just as the Superior said "Holy Mother, St. Catherine, pray for her."

A remarkable coincidence could not but strike her spiritual daughters. St. Catherine of Siena died on the morning of the Sunday before the Ascension, on which day, that year 1380, fell the feast of St. Peter Martyr of the Order of St. Dominic; and her devoted client, Mother Francis Raphael, died also on the morning of the Sunday before the Ascension, on April 29th, the festival of the same holy martyr.

Mother Francis Raphael's biographer recalls as significant these verses from her *Songs in the Night*:

O beauty of the Unseen God!
For Thee alone I sigh;
Thy touch is on the opening woods,
Thy smile upon the sky.

'Tis Thou that stirrest in our hearts,
Until they fain would soar
Up to Thy rapturous embrace,
To part from Thee no more.

Not yet! Not yet! Wait on my soul,
For yet another Spring;
The April day will come at last,
And all its blossoms bring.

After her funeral, May 1st, there was a dole of seventy-one loaves of bread to the poor, corresponding to the number of years of her life, according to an ancient custom. Well might the Bishop of Birmingham deplore the loss to the Church in England of this remarkable woman, who had accomplished for religion so much and in so many ways.

Besides Mother Raphael's very active and exhausting services as Prioress, and later as Mother Provincial, with all that means in the care of Communities, founding of schools, hospitals, etc., she wrote much that was beautiful and inspiring. Bishop Ullathorne once described her as "one of those many-sided characters who can write a book, rule an Order, guide other souls, superintend a building, lay out grounds or give wise and practical advice with equal facility and success." And one of the Sisters at Stone wrote, "Mother Margaret was the last person in the world to allow anyone to wrap her talent in a napkin.... Aware of the versatile powers of her new daughter, she began vigorously to turn them to account. Every interval left free from religious exercises, Community duties, domestic work, and teaching in the orphanage, was spent in such varied occupations as painting altars, manufacturing figures for the Christmas Crib, translating the hymns of the Breviary into English verse or assisting Sister Imelda in the compilation of the Constitutions."

Mother Raphael, after reviewing an exceptionally busy year said, "That people should attach any importance to things of time, or should think any of their acts important, except a good act of contrition, is the real marvel. So I will make one." She wrote many poems which show that she might have risen to a high rank had she devoted more of her time to that branch of literature. Her prose works are many and important. Her life of St. Catherine of Siena is said to be the most complete life of the saint in any language, and has been translated into French and German.

Mother Francis Raphael had been twenty-four years collecting material for this book. The fifth centenary of the Saint occurred in 1880, and it was considered desirable to have the life completed before her festival day. Mother Raphael, being at that time Prioress of a convent consisting of over sixty nuns, found it impossible to secure leisure here to write. So she went to the convent of Stoke-on-Trent, where she accomplished the astounding feat of completing in six weeks' time a large octavo volume of 640 pages.

One of her last important books was the History of St. Dominic, which was translated into French and Italian. It was after the completion of this that she received the special blessing of His Holiness Leo XIII for herself and for her works. This blessing filled her with gratitude but caused her to say, "I feel as if the Holy Father had turned over the last page, and written *Finis* to my literary labors."

The complete list of her books would be a very long one. There is a strong temptation to give many extracts from some of her short but thought-inspiring Lessons from the Sacred Scriptures, Lessons and Incidents From Our Lord's Life, Liturgical Seasons and Feasts, Private Meditations, etc. Here is a very practical bit of instruction which might be profitably followed by that ubiquitous individual "the man in the street."

"Don't lose time by worrying over time lost in the past. We have got the present moment and that only. If all the time we spend in fretting because we have not been perfect during the last fifty years were given to trying to be perfect during the fifty-first, something would come of it. As it is, nothing comes of it but discouragement, which is the devil's pet walking stick. So now I will give you five P's to think about when you say your prayers—Pardon, Perfection, Perseverance, Peace, Paradise. That is much in five words."

The study of a life like that of Mother Francis Raphael could go on almost indefinitely. She has not been—very likely she never will be—canonized. Was she, nevertheless, a saint? Let us consider her own definition of a saint: "To my mind there is no sweeter way of regarding the Saints than as God's chosen

friends. A friend is one who sympathizes with another and enjoys his confidence. Such the Saints are towards God.....The lives of all the Saints may be summed up in this: they loved God, and trusted Him, and gave themselves to Him, because He had given Himself to them. This, after all, is only the description of perfect friendship."

SUSAN L. EMERY

Of "The Garden of God."

THE beautiful church of the Sacred Heart in East Cambridge, Massachusetts, was the scene of great excitement on the 30th of September, 1925, at the end of a novena to the Little Flower, when a ten year old girl who had been unable to walk for eight years was seen walking unaided by the side of her pastor the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, who is so well known throughout the United States as a graceful and forceful writer of both poetry and prose. Many doctors and hospital clinics had failed to give any relief to this little girl who was known and loved by nearly everybody in East Cambridge, and so the good pastor had encouraged her to pray to the Little Theresa of the Child Jesus.

While the novena was going on, little Mary was carried to the church every night and the relic of the Saint was applied to her crippled leg. On the last night of the novena there was a procession of little girls through the church and, to the amazement and joy of the vast congregation, they were met at the altar by little Mary, who, after walking from the vestry, stooped and placed a crown on the head of the leader in the procession. In a subsequent address Father Blunt pointed out to his people that it was most fitting and natural that one of the first cures in this country through the intercession of St. Theresa after her canonization should take place in their parish, for this reason:

The noble and energetic priest who built the church, the late Rt. Rev. John O'Brien, had established in his parish a paper called the *Sacred Heart Review*. For many years this paper was recognized as one of the best Catholic papers in the country. On the staff of the *Review* from 1891 to 1923 was Miss Susan L. Emery, a distinguished convert of Boston. To this gifted woman belongs the credit of having made the first translation into English of the Poems of the Little Flower.

This means, of course, that these poems became known, not only in our country but throughout the whole English speaking world, through Miss Emery's translation, to which she gave the pretty and poetic title, *Petals from the Little Flower*. She devoted the proceeds of this book to the Carmelite Convent in Roxbury, Massachusetts. The mere fact of being the first to make an English translation of these poems is in itself a distinction; but when we add to this the commendation of such authorities as the late Rev. Father Matthew Russell S. J. and our own peerless Louise Imogene Guiney, we realize our debt to the translator.

Father Russell speaks of the translations as classics, a word which gains in force when used by the learned and beloved editor of the *Irish Monthly*. Miss Guiney says, after suggesting that some might be deterred from reading a book consisting of two hundred pages of pious poetry by a nun: "But the nun was that bright, exquisite spirit, Saint Theresa of the Carmelite Convent in Lisieux, who died there in her youth, and whose autobiography, translated into nearly every European language, has taken up thousands of souls, as with the strong wind of Pentecost, into heavenly altitudes. And these verses, simple, shy, untechnical as they are in the French, yet recall instantly, (as is well pointed out in the introduction) the namelessly beautiful creations of Fra Angelico. No Catholic is likely to miss their amazing sweetness. It was richly worth while to translate them into our language.

"Miss Emery has done her work almost miraculously well. It is to be feared that few will appreciate the devout toil which must have gone on for months and years, to make up a result so natural, so acceptable, so edifying as this loving translation. It lacks advisedly certain literary graces, but it is wise work in thoroughbred English for all that, and clings in every line to the angelical homeliness of the original, with a faithfulness such as appeals both to brain and heart. Could anything in the worn and ever fresh themes of religion, be more unexpected, more piercing than many of these artless stanzas?

"How primitive, yet modern, is the pathos of the address throughout, for instance, 'To My Little Brothers in Heaven, The Holy Innocents?'

"'God tells you how He makes the birds, the flowers, the snow,
The sunlight clear.
No genius here below knows half the things you know,
O children dear.'"

Even a slight knowledge of Miss Emery's character shows why she could appreciate the sweetness, the intense love of God and of souls, and the striking humility of the little French saint, since these qualities were found in abundance in this New England convert, who was in many ways a notable figure of her generation, and deserving of the homage of posterity.

Miss Emery was born September 6, 1846, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, of a highly intellectual and religious family, real New England stock, and all ardent believers in the Episcopal religion. One of her brothers is an Archdeacon in San Francisco, another is a minister in Concord, New Hampshire. Her sister Julia, a profoundly religious woman, held a high position in the Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church.

Intense interest in missionary work seems to have pervaded the whole family. All her life Susan was a zealous worker in the cause of foreign missions, while her zeal in the domestic, or what might be called the intellectual mission field, was likewise unbounded. The following extracts from Miss Emery's account of her conversion written for *Some Roads to Rome in America* tell her story as no one else could tell it.

"The roads that lead souls into the Catholic Church are many and various. Rome rhymes with home, and indeed all roads lead there. Diverse influences wrought upon my own experience. I was brought up in a very religious atmosphere. Though my father came of Unitarian and my mother of Congregational parentage, they began to attend Episcopal services soon after my birth, although they were not confirmed until I was about ten years old. I can remember the occasion.

"We had been living for a short time in Rhode Island. Soon after our return to Dorchester a clergyman came to our parish, the late Rev. William H. Mills, to whose influence we owed very much. My first solid idea of what was then accounted good and

rather High Churchmanship came, so far as I can remember, from him.

"In 1872 I was living in New York, engaged in editorial work on *The Young Christian Soldier,* a periodical connected with the Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

"Doctor Twing (the editor and Miss Emery's brother-in-law) was then the Domestic General Secretary; he took me to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in Baltimore in 1872.

"I had been growing more and more High Church, and I can remember that I went, in the early mornings, to the very advanced Church of Mount Calvary, and that once on coming back to my boarding place, I kissed my hand in my fervor, thinking that perhaps the real body of our Lord had rested on my palm that day." (One of her friends says that while in New York she used to be distressed at the careless way in which the communion was administered and that she used to wait until every one else had left the church, to collect and consume the crumbs that were dropped.)

"But the debates at the Convention, and my reading, and the life around me, showed me plainly the varying schools of thought and practice among Episcopal clergy and laity alike.

"At last the questions began to press upon me:

"Where was the real truth?

"What was I to believe?

"Where was I to go?

"I had a dear friend, an earnest Catholic, who said to me 'I am going to do all I can to make you a Catholic.' Circumstances swept us apart for a while; and when we met again I was indeed a Catholic. I know that her sister sent my name to the Apostleship of Prayer.

"The Three Branch theory held possession of my soul. I felt that I would willingly die for the sake of seeing the Greek, Roman and Anglican branches, as I called them, made one again."

In 1874 she resigned her position on *The Young Christian Soldier,* feeling too much in doubt to be willing to teach children. She continued to be in a state of real torment.

"On Christmas eve I was walking along Boston Common, when I said my first real prayer to the Blessed Virgin. I had been reading the controversy between Newman and Pusey on the subject. 'Mother of God' I cried, 'make me will to do God's will.' The answer came. On Christmas day I was in great distress, but I forced myself to go to communion. Then the Feast of the Epiphany, the feast of light and of manifestation arrived.

"There was in our house a volume of sermons by the great Irish Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, belonging to one of those Irish maidens who have done so much towards spreading the faith in New England. I opened the book. I looked down upon the page and distinctly before me lay the words I had read and heard unnumbered times before: *Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church.* On the page of Father Burke's sermon containing this promise to Peter were these words from St. Ambrose: *Show me Peter and I will show you the Church.* And then my cry for help to the Blessed Virgin was manifestly answered; for then I knew, and then I willed God's will.

"As clearly as I see now before me the page on which I write—as absolutely as I know that two and two make four—I saw and I knew that the Church of which the Pope, the successor of Peter, was the visible head, was the one true Church of God; I saw that therein Peter had the supreme prerogative; and that where he was, my place was. No fear came over me, either to take the step or not to take it, into that Church that loomed magnificently now before my gaze. I saw the truth and the truth had made me free.

"I was received into the Church on St. Joseph's day, March 19, 1875, by the Rev. Edward H. Welch, himself a convert, in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. Questions about Transubstantiation, Anglican Orders, Indulgences troubled me not at all. Peter spoke, and God spoke through Peter. The one true God must have His one true Church."

One of the sorrows of Miss Emery's life was the failure on the part of her family to see the Light which shone with ever increasing brilliancy for her. In a letter to a friend she says, "If

only God would grant me that my own people had the faith!" They were far from sympathizing with her and never became reconciled to her following her convictions into the Church they never learned to trust. Another time she wrote: "Oh, that prayer of our Lord in St. John's seventeenth Chapter—if all Catholics would join our Redeemer in that prayer!"

Even before her conversion Susan Emery was greatly attracted by the religious life. After becoming a Catholic, she made a vow of virginity, electing not to join any Order, but to live like the Blessed Virgin, St. Rose of Lima and St. Catherine of Siena, as our Lord prayed for his apostles, *in* the world but not *of* it. This vow was known for a long time only to her confessor, but in course of time she divulged it to a chosen few, when she thought it might be of help to others.

It required more courage to enter the Church in Miss Emery's time though even now such a step is likely to be followed by loneliness, for lack of sympathizing friends. But that consideration, of course, had no weight with a soul as noble as that of the subject of this sketch. She became a staunch friend of her new associates, without losing any of her loyalty to older ones. Among her poems one called "Soggarth Aroon" begins "What have you done, O Ireland?" and ends thus:

"Soggarth aroon you gave to us,
From your dear holy sod,
Today we lift our grateful cry,
For these grand priests, thank God!"

Miss Emery was only twenty-three when she wrote "Uncle Rod's Pet," thus laying the foundation of the literary career which she followed as long as health and strength permitted. With her personality, her ripe scholarship and her high connections, undoubtedly she would have attained greater worldly honor had she remained in the Church of her youth. But from the day of her admission into Christ's fold, all her literary talent, like every other act of her life, was offered in a spirit of sacrifice and of thanksgiving for the pearl of great price which she recognized in the gift of faith. Her writings, which covered a wide range,

were practically all upon Catholic themes. She even gave up, to a certain extent, her reading of non-Catholic writers, that she might have more time to revel in her new-found treasures. With gentle pathos she once wrote, "It sometimes seems to me that Catholics do not realize the greatness of their literary heritage in Catholic literature." Alas, how sadly true!

"O that I could write ever so many poems," she said, "filled with love for our Lord, to win hearts to Him! Things they would remember and learn and feed upon in sad times and glad times."

One who knew her long and intimately, speaking of her extraordinary piety says, "She was almost a mystic; she knew thoroughly the literature of mysticism." To this friend she once wrote, "The prophet, the poet, the mystic are akin—inspiration or quasi-inspiration is often given them."

She was meticulously anxious that not only her own work but that of all Catholic writers should be as nearly perfect in form as possible and absolutely above criticism on the ground of good taste and the honor and dignity which she felt should attach to every effort of those enlisted in the sacred cause of truth. For that reason she gave unsparingly of her time and sympathetic interest to young writers, extending not only encouragement but, if need be, fearless criticism, bestowed, however, with such tender thoughtfulness as to avoid wounding even the most delicate sensibilities. Could more exquisite consideration be shown than this:

"Do you mind penciled corrections and suggestions? *I made them very light,* so they could be easily erased." "When a success was achieved," says one of her co-workers, "not even the author of the poem, story or essay—whatever it may be—was happier than the generous hearted literary adviser."

Indeed, throughout her life Miss Emery displayed that nobility which rejoices in the success of others. She once wrote, "God must surely love those who rejoice in His gifts to others because they are His gifts, even though He withhold them for a time from us." And again, "Let us be glad for the brother who seems better off than we are."

One of the features of her work on the *Review* was a series of papers which were afterwards collected by her and published by Longmans, under the title *The Inner Life of the Soul.* This book alone should insure her undying fame, while the English language lasts. Father Russell went no further than countless others could go when he declared it "one of the holiest and most beautiful that the century is likely to add to ascetic literature in the English language."

She also published *Noel, Thoughts for Every Day in the Year from the Spiritual Maxims of St. John of the Cross,* (whom she once referred to as *my* St. John) and *A Catholic Stronghold and Its Making,*—a history of St. Peter's parish in Dorchester, in whose "making" she took a very active part for many years. She served lovingly as sacristan and Sunday School teacher, and showed great interest in the welfare of the altar boys and in the fostering of vocations. In regard to the latter it was said that her spiritual insight discovered vocations hidden to the ordinary observer, "Miss Emery is looking for postulants" was the laughing remark made on one occasion when she came among a company of young women and girls. The remark was remembered when two young girls who had been present entered a religious order. In an altar boy she saw a future priest, and it was never her fault if her hopes were disappointed. What her feelings were when her hopes were realized she revealed in these jubilant words: "Oh, the happiness of seeing one we love radiant with spiritual joy, serving the Lord with gladness and delight!" Again her joy breaks forth in grateful acknowledgement: "It is most beautiful, most wonderful, most comforting to stop awhile and realize how good the good God is!"

Besides her work on the *Review* she contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly, Catholic World, Harper's* and other publications. Although she wrote many poems they have not yet been collected in book form. One notable poem was published in the *Irish Monthly,* a fitting repository for it because of the circumstances connected with it. This poem was called "An Old Woman's Answer to a Letter from her Girlhood," being an answer to a poem by Alice Meynell called "A Letter from a Girl

to Her Own Old Age," which appeared in the *Irish Monthly*. Each poem contained nineteen stanzas of the same metre and length.

Ruskin, whose appreciation of Mrs. Meynell is believed to have been a strong factor in establishing her fame, calls the last stanza of her poem "heavenly." This adjective seems to belong much more truly not only to the last but to every stanza of Miss Emery's poem, breathing as it does throughout the atmosphere of Heaven; a breath which blows not across one single stanza of the earlier poem. A few stanzas from each are here presented:

Mrs. Meynell

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

Pause near the ending of thy long migration
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not
And where young flowers of the mountain grow not.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,
Track one another mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

Only one youth and the bright life was shrouded,
Only one morning and the day was clouded,
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping,
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, thy fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?....

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks my heart; the one who wrote, forget her,—

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

Miss Emery

I listen and my hand thy letter presses,
I, time-worn woman, touch it with caresses,
I kiss the faded ink of its addresses.

In the calm stillness of my meditation,
Here at the ending of my long migration
I smile at thy young hour of desolation.

What though the young flowers now are near us never?
The great wind of God's spirit bloweth ever.
I win, with this, the goal of our endeavor.

And we shall track each other through Heaven's mazes,
Not by the child-breath of celestial daisies,
But by the holy splendors where God's face is.

Only one youth, but life was still God-given!
Only one youth, but life sped on to Heaven!
For us the gates of glory shall be riven.

Hush thee! oh, hush! no tears mine eyes are dimming;
No grief for mine old age my heart is brimming,
God's mercies, all my days, that heart was hymning.

I scorn thy foolish fears with sweet derision;
Each year but brought us nearer to the Vision
Of God Himself in His own fields Elysian.

So while I lay aside thy mournful letter,
The one who wrote, I never can forget her,
God, with unfailing joys at last beset her!

And then, where youth and age are ever vernal,
We two, together shall climb heights supernal,
And see God's face, Ancient of Days, Eternal!

We have spoken of Miss Emery's translation from the French of St. Theresa. Her ripe scholarship is shown in the fact of her translations also from the German, and of her winning second prize in a national contest for a translation of the *Stabat Mater*. Her taste in literature was equaled by her

knowledge of it, and produced a really fine style in both prose and poetry.

With all her gifts of mind and heart, Susan Emery possessed the simplicity which usually marks the really great. She also possessed in an usual degree what is called "the rare art of making and keeping friends." "Our Lord takes pains to make friends—why should not we?" was her answer to one who feared she was going beyond her strength to help others. When she wanted a young priest to go out of his way to do a little kindness she wrote "Sometimes I wonder if people, if *priests* realize what they might do for souls to draw them nearer Christ by a little kindly, cheering, thoughtful word or act." "I only want to see him (the priest) loving the souls God made and for whom He died, and striving in every way to bring them nearer to Him by little acts of sunshine and kindliness." She had an abounding charity of speech, never speaking an unkind word of another and carrying out by word and example the lovely behest of that other convert poet, Adelaide Anne Proctor:

> Judge not; the workings of his brain
> And of his heart thou canst not see.
> What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
> In God's pure light may only be
> A scar brought from some well-won field
> Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Miss Emery entered into the spirit of the simplest occasions, especially when they were associated with a good cause. "A dear memory rises of a pretty garden scene, and groups of children working busily to dispose of the dainty things they had made to swell the fund for the Propagation of the Faith; and most zealous of all, and as innocently happy as the children, was Miss Emery, truly a guiding spirit. She spent herself royally in a royal cause." Her refined and spiritual nature was depicted in her face and carriage. Though somewhat small of stature and always very quietly dressed in black, she attracted attention in any gathering by her sweet expression, her intellectuality and her beautiful, cultured tones.

The tendency towards specialization which characterizes our age, seems to extend in the devotion of some Catholics to the selection of some special one among the saints of God, and we find one addressing all his petitions to St. Anthony, another to St. Francis, another to St. Joseph or the Little Flower. Miss Emery's familiarity with the saints who people the court of Heaven was extraordinary. So well did she know their lives and their writings, that she could call their names and their special prerogatives like a recitation of a Litany. How at home she must have felt when she stepped across the threshold into that blessed company, though there might have been lacking for her some of "the sweet surprises" which Heaven has in store for those of slower mind and dimmer vision. Evidently it had required no effort on her part to accept and to thoroughly assimilate the great doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

There can be no doubt that Susan Emery was especially enlightened in all her studies and meditations by the Holy Ghost, to Whom she had an unusual devotion. To Him she thus dedicated *The Inner Life of the Soul*:

As a bright flame, and like unto the wind,
Come from the heights of Heaven, O God the Holy Ghost!
Touch Thou my tongue with fire, guide Thou my feeble pen,
Make my heart strong then when I need Thee most,
Help me to write of Thee, teach me to speak of Thee,
Let me lead souls to Thee, O God the Holy Ghost.

The last and beautiful chapter of *The Inner Life* entitled "Heaven" has this rapturous closing: "We look now, and we shall never cease to look, on Him Who is Beauty and Strength and truest Love, that can never deceive, nor fail, nor pass away. And this, O soul of mine, is Heaven. That radiant Vision uplifts us, beyond mother's or lover's love; enfolds us; fills us and calms us with answering love forever,— the love of Him Who is Love itself, the Holy Spirit of God."

Miss Emery once wrote a poem in which she prayed for what the world would call an unhappy death. A priest friend says, "She died in obscurity but it was the glorious death of the saints."

One chapter in *The Inner Life*, commemorating the Feast of All Saints, is entitled "The Garden of God." In this beautiful chapter, of little more than three pages, she mentions by name and recalls the attributes of seventy-six men and women whom we acclaim as saints of God. The chapter concludes thus:

"For us, who today have gathered a few fair names together, out of the great number whom no man can number, written in the Lamb's Book of Life on high, it remains for us to remember that these have left to us an example that we should follow their steps. Shame on us if we prove cowards or laggards in the race that they so nobly ran before us; and in the cause for which they gladly died!

"As we bring this imperfect garland today to the Heart of Jesus, it ought to be our earnest petition that He will breathe on us with the vivifying breath of His Holy Spirit, till our own lives shall blossom into an immortal beauty, which shall one day adorn with a like glorious perfection the fadeless Garden of God."

It is the assured conviction that such was the fruition of Susan Emery's life, which suggested the title of this sketch. Who can doubt that if we call on her, she will respond as eagerly as she did on earth, and will help us so to correspond with divine grace, that some day we too may be admitted into "the fadeless Garden of God?"

ANGELIQUE DeLANDE

A New England Convert Singer

TO MANY readers the name of Angelique DeLande will bring happy recollections of "some simple and heart-felt lay" breathing the devotion of an ardent soul. To the present writer the name first became dear from many readings of Father Matthew Russell's *Moments Before the Tabernacle*, in which he quotes "instead of words of my own" this prayer of faith and love:

Ah! Lord, if Thou wert standing here
And I could bear the sight,
Could feel Thy Presence, oh! so near,
And view Thy robes of light;
And then if Thou shouldst say to me,
"I am the Lord thy God,
Who once the road to Calvary
For thy redemption trod—"

What should I do? No more, dear Lord,
Than I would fain do now;
Body and soul with one accord
Adoringly to bow;
And, clinging to Thy garment's hem,
Thy radiant Wounds to kiss—
Deeming a monarch's diadem
Mere dross compared to this.

No other proof I ask, dear Lord,
Than Thine own words of yore;
"This is My Body, this My Blood"—
Oh! who could ask for more?
Where gleams the ruddy altar light
Within its cup of gold,
Another Thabor, dear and bright,
Awe-stricken I behold.

For Thou art here, and I may dare
To come before Thy face
And offer Thee my worthless prayer
In this Thy dwelling-place.
Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,
My love for Thee increase,
And say to me, ere I depart,
"My child, go thou in peace."

This was no poetic rhapsody, but a true expression of the real passion of Angelique DeLande's life. Not very long before her happy death, when we have every reason to hope she was permitted to see the Object of her love face to face, she said to the writer, "Now, after fifty years, as in the first days of my conversion, Jesus in His Real Presence is the beginning and the end of all my desires, the source of all my happiness." In another letter she wrote "He is all the world to me, as I know He is to you. We can never lose each other now, for our love is joined to His love, and in Him is our love made perfect."

Most of Miss DeLande's letters are too sacred to be made public, but were they quoted they would show her ardent nature and her capacity for strong earthly love as well as spiritual love. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was a source of great consolation to her. In one of her poems she says:

Benediction on earth; 'tis a foretaste of Heaven,
Face to face with my God, all my wanderings forgiven
Transfigured before me, in beauty I see
My Saviour, Who suffered such anguish for me.

One Sunday she seemed to experience more than ordinary exaltation of spirit during Benediction, and when leaving the church, unable to repress it she said to a friend, "Was not Benediction beautiful this afternoon?" "Yes," came the quick reply, "didn't Father ——— look lovely in the new vestments?" Those who have experienced the same lack of appreciation of deeper feelings can picture her sudden fall of spirit. She never forgot the sensation she felt of having had an icy dip. Even before a dread disease chained her to a bed of pain, it was her deepest regret

that she was not physically strong enough to approach the Holy Table daily.

It was in March, 1915, during Holy Week that Angelique DeLande celebrated, oh, so joyously! the fiftieth anniversary of her coming into the

> Church of God, my chosen home,—
> Church ever dear to me,

where she felt it

> Sweet within Thy courts to roam
> And keep my Jubilee.

Readers of the *Ave Maria* may recall the poem she wrote on that occasion, "A Convert's Golden Jubilee," in which again stands forth her love for the Blessed Sacrament:

> Under the Sanctuary Lamp
> That lights the way to Thee,
> Where angels round Thy throne encamp,
> I keep my Jubilee.
>
> O wondrous Eucharistic Dove,
> What can I offer Thee,
> But earnest faith and child-like love,
> On this, my Jubilee.
>
> Life holds no joy, death no alarms,
> While Thou art left to me,
> As safe within Thy sheltering arms,
> I keep my Jubilee.

To one who wrote at this time words of appreciation as well as congratulation she answered that she did not deserve them, "for, although I have always tried to be a faithful child of the Church, my many shortcomings are before me in these days; yet I hold the hand of my dear Elder Brother, and thus gain strength to follow on towards the end." She was very earnest in asking prayers for perseverance.

It was well for Miss DeLande that her Jubilee day was so fraught with bliss, for very soon after it she was overtaken by

the all-devouring pain of cancer. As a frequent visitor during this period, the writer can testify that she carried out faithfully the injunction she herself gave in "The Ministry of Pain:"

Shrink not from the approach of pain
Should he, unbidden, seek thy door;
Let not his visit be in vain
Although His visit rend thee sore.

Bear patiently His heaviest blows,
A steadfast soul to Him reveal;
Number Him not among thy foes,—
He woundeth but to heal.

Still, if thou canst, each quivering nerve;
In silence lie beneath the rod;
O think the Master thou dost serve,
Gethsemane once trod!

Then when thy soul is calm again,
And thou to Heaven canst lift thine eyes
Thou shalt behold departing Pain,
An angel in disguise.

Nor had this convert's life been free from trials of many sorts. She was born in Portland, Maine, of Huguenot parentage, and received her education in the public schools. Becoming convinced while still a young girl of the truth of the Catholic faith, she was instructed and baptized by Rev. John Bapst, the holy Jesuit who was once tarred and feathered by an anti-Catholic mob in Ellsworth, Maine. To him she made her profession of faith in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, March 30, 1865, being then twenty-two years of age. Some lines in the poetic tribute she paid to the memory of this distinguished priest at the time of his death, throw side lights on some phases of her soul's experience:

They told me he was dead, that man of men,
Whose reverend form and face
Were graven on my heart by memory's pen,
The years could not efface.

And I—I could not grieve; my tears were blent
With recollections sweet,
While I recalled the happy moments spent
A learner at his feet.

Reared in a cold, half-hearted, joyless creed,
My soul unsatisfied,
I came to him, and told him all my need,
And would not be denied.

When every other door was closed in wrath,
When Friendship's self grew cold,
He led me up the rugged mountain path
Into the sheltered fold.

Oh! I have seen a halo round his face
Like that the saints do wear,
And in my soul have felt an added grace
At his prevailing prayer.

"Great priest of God, confessor of the faith,"
Thy night is overpast.
We may not grieve, for thou hast conquered death,
And entered Heaven at last.

To this sensitive and ardent soul the cold words which severed ties constituted a sort of martyrdom; but if sensitive she was heroic, and her faith and fervor increased with the years.

After intense and prolonged suffering Miss DeLande's death came peacefully very early in the morning of February 7, 1916. She recognized her nurse, a young lady to whom she had been as a mother; she said she was going Home and told her to be good. A few moments later, with the words upon her lips, "God with me abide," she went *Home,* still holding by the hand her "dear Elder Brother." After her death the *Ave Maria* said that she was known to American Catholics generally as a poet whose best work compared favorably with that of Adelaide Anne Proctor.

It is true that Angelique DeLande never wrote a really great poem, but it is surely a worth while mission to write lines which remain in the memory and quicken our prayer before that Sacred

Presence so dear to her. Father Russell's endorsement is sufficient on that score. But the poems she *lived* were beyond praise. Of frail physique, with but scanty means at her disposal, she generously and nobly aided a widowed friend in the bringing up of her family. At the end of a hard day's work in the schoolroom, she often visited the Children's Hospital, so great was her love for the children. Miss Katherine E. Conway, notable for her own poems of both word and deed, writes of her:

"Greater than any poet was the faithful convert, the brave woman who in mature age took among young women a new means of livelihood and carried it on beneficially for a score of years. She was full of good New England grit and honor and decent self-respect. Her life was not just a little poem, but an Epic." A distinguished Monsignor of the Church, who was at one time Miss DeLande's director and who blessed her pen, speaks of her as a woman of superior intellect and intense spirituality.

Angelique DeLande passed the allotted three score and ten years. Many years before, she wrote the poem selected for his book by the compiler of *Poems of Maine*:

Growing Older

Growing older, drawing nearer
To the first entrancing sight
Of the Saviour's matchless beauty
In His own fair realm of light.

Growing older! thoughts of gladness
Gild the hours as swift they fly,
Chasing every cloud of sadness
From the Christian's sunset sky.

Growing older!—daily, hourly,
Learning more our needs of Him
In the splendor of Whose presence
E'en the noonday sun grows dim.

Leaning more in dear dependance
On the sinner's faithful Friend
Casting every care upon Him
Who has loved us to the end.

Year by year the milestones lessen,
As our birthdays come and go,
Ploughing furrows on smooth foreheads,
Flecking raven locks with snow.

Growing older! Blessed Master!
Lifting trembling hands in prayer;
Come we oftener to Thine altar,
Sure to find Thee waiting there.

Growing older! feebly groping
Through that mystic shadowy vale
Leading unto Death's dark portal
Where the flesh and spirit fail.

Aching hearts and wearied bodies
Battle-scarred and travel-worn,
In the sleep of Christ's beloved
Wait the Resurrection morn.

We all have dear ones who have passed through "Death's dark portals" and while we pray for them as Mother Church bids us, we have the strong hope that they have already taken their places "in our Father's home above," where we too, hope soon to be numbered. None of us would give an answer different to that of Miss DeLande to the question

SHALL WE KNOW OUR OWN IN HEAVEN?

Shall we know our own in Heaven?
Shall we find them waiting there
Earthly frailties all forgiven
Free from sorrow, free from care?

Shall we look into their faces
Radiant with the light of love?
Near them shall we take our places
In our Father's home above?

Shall we hear in tones familiar
Words of greeting, words of cheer
Bidding us a joyous welcome
Calling us by names once dear?

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY SAN RAFAEL

Peace, my soul, forbear to venture
Where no mortal feet may tread
Cans't thou not without a question
Leave with God thy sacred dead?

Cans't thou not recall His promise
Ere He sought His Kingly throne,
"In my father's house are mansions
There will I await my own."

Round the great white Throne His servants
Row on row and tier on tier,
Gladly wait the happy entrance
Of His faithful servants here.

When the Beatific Vision
Bursts on our enraptured gaze
We shall join the mighty chorus
Glory, Honor, Worship, Praise.

Unto Him Who hath redeemed us
Unto Him the Lamb once slain,
And among those ransomed spirits
We shall know our own again.

CHRISTIAN REID

(Mrs. Frances Christine Tiernan)

WRITING during a period extending over forty-five years under the *nom de plume* of Christian Reid, Frances Christine Fisher, afterwards Mrs. James Marquis Tiernan, charmed and edified countless readers with her delightful and stimulating novels, over forty in number.

Frances Fisher was born at Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1846, the daughter of Colonel Charles Frederick Fisher, of the Confederate army, and of Elizabeth Clarissa (Caldwell) Fisher. Her father was killed in the first battle of Manassas, and his daughter always remained loyal to his Confederate ideals. But though he was an Episcopalian, her loyalty to his memory did not blind her eyes to the light of the true faith. While still in her teens she was received into the Church by Cardinal Gibbons, at that time Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina.

This literary convert was always not merely faithful, she was extremely zealous in the practice of her religion. The erection of the Church of the Sacred Heart in her native town was due principally to her efforts. The amount of good to the Faith which her pen accomplished can never be estimated till the great day of final reckoning.

Christian Reid's first novel *Valerie Aylmer,* which appeared in 1870, immediately established her reputation. Another novel, *The Land of the Sky* is said to have "immortalized Western North Carolina, and directly led to the development of the mountain country of that State." Her war drama, *Under the Southern Cross,* with its impassioned presentation of the views of the South upon the constitutional right of secession, has enshrined her name in the hearts of the Southerners. *Morton House,* which ran serially through Appleton's Magazine, had the rather extraordinary good fortune to win fervent praise from the late Dr. Orestes Brownson whose commendation may truly

be called "praise from Sir Herbert," and was not by any means easy to obtain, especially, (as Mrs. Sadlier, a popular Catholic novelist, says) "by women novelists." Of this book Maurice Francis Egan said: "There are few novels better for moulding beautifully the ideas of youth." The Appletons also published more than a dozen other novels from the same gifted pen. These earlier works were characterized by "the verve, the joyousness of early youth, with life at its high carnival," and were everywhere received with favor.

After this early period Christian Reid's intensely religious feelings induced her to write more particularly for Catholic readers and many beautiful novels appeared in the *Catholic World* and the *Ave Maria*. Upon her marriage in 1887 to James Marquis Tiernan she accompanied him to Mexico, where he had mining interests, and she remained there till his death in 1898. Her sojourn in Mexico enriched the literary world with such charming fiction as *The Daughter of a Star, The Land of the Sun, The Lady of Cruces* and other books.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Tierney returned to her early home in the South where she remained for the rest of her life, writing, teaching catechism (oh, glorious star in her crown!) and working in other ways for the Church she loved. The writer of an able appreciation of her in the *Ave Maria* says, "She who had by her books instructed so many unto justice, likewise delighted in impressing upon youthful minds the truths of faith." What works better or more suited to the needs of the times could be found? Yet every parish priest knows how difficult it is to find capable workers, in this field. The pity of it! the disregard of the blessed promise of Holy Writ: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity." Her interest in this humble work is proof sufficient that her great successes in life had not impaired the fundamental virtue of humility.

The *Ave Maria* critic adds that "apart from her Mexican stories, her themes were purely American. This did not preclude evidences of her acquaintance with other lands, and that wider culture which travel gives. It was no small matter for the

public to which she ministered that she should thus have portrayed such men and women of her own country; for they serve, in their truthfulness of type, to falsify the productions of foreign caricaturists, who so often see in the denizens of the United States qualities as far removed as the poles from those whom Christian Reid delighted to reproduce from the life she had known."

It should be the fervent desire of every Catholic writer to merit the encomium passed upon the work of Christian Reid: that she never wrote a line which could soil a Christian soul. That such should be the case after so many years of writing is all the more to her credit. But much more must be said of her work than that. She not only failed to destroy but she did much to cultivate and to make lovely the great virtues of purity, of honor and of loyalty to principle. Several of her stories were written especially to uphold the teaching of the Church regarding the great Sacrament of Matrimony, and to expose the evils which are so alarmingly on the increase through growing disregard of this teaching, even alas! among some of her own children. *The Coin of Sacrifice* and *The Light of the Vision* are two beautiful if poignantly pathetic instances, which many consider her very finest work. Many writers professing and practicing the same religion as Christian Reid have won larger audiences, more wide spread fame and more financial reward than she, by keeping in the background those tenets and principles which it was her keenest desire to make known and understood and loved.

A beloved Catholic writer whose life is a model of every Christian virtue and whose writings are always uplifting, once expressed the opinion that Christian Reid's characters dwell too continually upon the heights. She deplored the absence of the commonplace and the refreshing entrance upon the scenes of the freckle-faced boy with his engaging slang. To the present writer, the continual insistence of high standards, both ethical and literary, seems to be a crying need of the times.

In writing of Mrs. Tiernan, Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., says, "She must surely have invited all the good fairies to her chris-

tening, for their gifts were hers. Not genius but a fluent talent, an exuberant facility of expression, keen insight into character, and opportunities for acquaintance with many varying types of humanity." To every writer as to every other man or woman is given free will. Blessed be the memory of one who causes "an enchanting company to move through her books, swayed by the eternal principles of justice, the law of restitution, by honor, by chivalry, by recognition of the high place which the Church has accorded woman in the destinies of the nations." To this splendid Catholic morality and keen delineation of character was added the gift of delightful description of the infinite beauty of nature which it was her privilege to enjoy in many lands; another means of arousing and holding the interest of her readers. In these days of lurid "best sellers" we find but few which can rightfully lay claim to all these qualities.

May it not be said of Christian Reid as of some of the pioneers in the field of Catholic fiction, that she has "met with scant reward even in gratitude or remembrance!" However, had she known that such would be the case she would not have written otherwise, for she was "absolutely indifferent to popular success and would do nothing to attract interest to her books."

Among her novels not already mentioned are *A Daughter of Bohemia, Ebbtide, Arminie, The Heart of Steel, The Lost Lode, Fairy Gold, Weighed in the Balance, A Child of Mary, A Little Maid of Arcady, Philip's Restitution, The Wargrave Trust,* and *A Far-Away Princess.*

Probably Frances Tiernan held as her greatest earthly honor the Laetare Medal which she received in 1909 from the University of Notre Dame, which every year on the fourth Sunday of Lent, Laetare Sunday, awards this medal "to some eminent man or woman who has rendered distinguished service to the American Catholic public."

ALICE J. HAYES

IN THE living room of a small country parsonage, a little girl of five leans against her mother's knee, while together they turn the pages of a book. Something is said—or read—about the Pope. "What is a Pope?" asked the child; and mother lays the book in her lap while she explains. "You know that in every country the government has some kind of a head; in many lands it is a King, in others an Emperor or a President; but there can be only one Pope—one for all the world." The little girl reflects a moment. "Why then," she cries, "he is my Pope." A smile creeps into the mother's eyes as she replies, slowly, "Yes, if you want him."

Thus does the subject of this sketch begin the story of her conversion to the Church over which the Pope rules, a story to which she has given the pleasing title, "Another Pilgrim's Progress." There was no one to suggest to either mother or child that together they had uttered a prophecy. To quote from this record of a faithful soul whom God had chosen to be a witness to His Church:

"There were no Catholics in their little world. . . . One of the few illustrated books in the minister's library was a bulky volume called *The History of Romanism,* wherein the author sought to emphasize his hatred of Popery by means of many forms of type. Nearly every family in the parish possessed some book of this kind—too often filled with salacious stories which would have been admitted to the house under no other guise. If Catholics wonder at the invulnerable prejudice of their Protestant neighbors, it is because they do not sufficiently take into account the influence of these mendacious books. Perhaps they are no longer read; but so complete was their sway over former generations that they colored the very tissues of the brain. Protestants felt no need of learning their facts regarding Catholicism—they had inherited them."

Miss Hayes was born October 11, 1855. Her father was

a minister, who belonged to the Methodist Itinerancy, an institution now extinct, but which meant, in those days, a breaking up of the home every two years and moving, perhaps far away. "For the mother of a growing family this means slow martyrdom; and realizing that these ill-trained, headstrong little ones must be left early in life without a mother's guidance, she took refuge in prayer."

Recalling the fact that in those days family devotions were the rule in the homes of all Protestant Church members she continues: "The picture that still stands clearest in memory is that of a kneeling figure with thin, clasped hands, and white, uplifted face. Sometimes the lips, too, were white, and then the prayer that broke from them began: *I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord.*" She describes an especially distinct recollection of one stormy night when the mother went to see that her little ones were warmly covered. She said to one of them, "Did my little daughter say her prayers to-night?" "No, mother, I forgot. Mother, won't you pray for me?" Kneeling by the bedside the mother prayed long and earnestly for the most wayward of the flock committed to her care. And He with Whom a thousand years are as one day, answered her strong supplication in His own good time.

There follows a notable paragraph: "Holy Scripture affords two striking examples of availing prayer; that of the Arab Sheik, Job, in the Old Testament; and in the New Testament, that of the Roman Centurion, Cornelius; neither of whom was of the Chosen People. The crumbs alone from the Master's table furnish nourishment to devout souls, wherever He may have placed them. How can one doubt the swift reward bestowed upon those whom He finds watching? Those who, while knowing nothing of the beauty of God's House, nor of the sweetness of His Sacraments, and possessing only a fragment of Truth, yet follow with eager feet in the way of His Commandments!" How refreshing the contrast between the attitude towards those they have left behind, manifested by those chosen souls who find their way *into* the Church, and that of some of those who *go out* of it!

In the long services which children were required to attend in those days, when the long sermons—the principal feature of these services—were beyond their youthful comprehension, and the bare walls and windows offered no entertainment, many deep thoughts came to the mind of this little girl, who could not understand why goodness should now be so ugly, and all beauty be the property of evil: "She thought of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness on which the wandering Israelites had lavished everything rich and beautiful that they possessed; of the gold-encrusted Ark over which stood the great Cherubim with extended wings; and of the Light between! How good God used to be to His children,—very fractious and uncomfortable children they were, too. Once something from the pulpit caught her ear. It was her father's voice describing the dedication of Solomon's glorious Temple. 'And it came to pass,' he read, 'when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.'"

The little girl wondered why God no longer visited His people. But if the memory of the Saviour's short stay upon earth was sufficient for others, why was it not for herself? These questions constantly recurred. When in school some spirit braver than the rest asked the teacher's explanation, they were told that to ask of God what He had not seen fit to give was like criticizing the ways of the Almighty. Miss Hayes says: "We might have replied by another question—whether God had not invited this criticism when He asks, *What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done for it?* The question was not asked because none dreamed that within ten minutes' walk of where we were sitting, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was in very truth dwelling among men;—that the Lord Jesus Himself was then calling to His other sheep, from the tabernacle of a near-by church." She compares the longing of her soul to that of a young English girl who, when asked by the priest what fault she had to find with the Protestant religion, replied, "It seems, Father, a bit empty!"

Miss Hayes, as a child, suffered from some disease—perhaps infantile paralysis—which left a permanent lameness, so that she was obliged to carry a cane. This naturally precluded her taking part in many of the activities of the other children, and led to a closer companionship with books. She read with avidity almost everything she came upon, but none of the writers solved her difficulties. They all referred her to the Bible, which they interpreted in various ways, so that she felt that they, like herself, were groping in the dark.

Throughout this period of soul-searching and longing for knowledge of the truth, she retained the habit of prayer, which had been so carefully inculcated, though she says it was "little more than that old despairing cry—'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.' But this was said in good faith and God Who answers the desires of the heart rather than the words of the lips, answered this poor prayer of mine."

For nearly thirty years Miss Hayes occupied the position of Matron in a Woman's Reformatory Institution in Sherborn, Massachusetts. One of her duties was the censorship of books and papers sent for the use of the inmates. In the discharge of this duty she read many copies of the *Sacred Heart Review*, the first Catholic publication she had ever seen. Its high literary standards, its clear exposition of Catholic doctrines and its courteous treatment of non-Catholics, made a most favorable impression. She also read pamphlets and books which deepened this impression, and she afterwards declared that she came as far as the portals of the Church with no human aid outside of the printed word. It was in the Reformatory that she first heard Mass, and while it was unintelligible, she *felt* the beauty of its worship, and attended as often as she could, listening intently to the priest's instructions. She was much impressed by "the care the Church gave her black sheep." She soon realized that the immoral lives of these black sheep had not destroyed their faith. "The dominant religion of the State appeared to have no power of attraction, while the deep love often expressed for the stern religion whose teaching they had abandoned was a constant source of wonder."

During the A. P. A. movement of the early nineties Alice Hayes was living in Boston, where her disgust for "the unreasoning panic of the good people with whom she lived" almost drove her into the Church, and undoubtedly led her to more extensive reading of Catholic books. At length an article in the *Sacred Heart Review* on the Infallibility of the Pope solved all her difficulties. For being convinced at last that Christ established the Church and the Holy Spirit sustains it, it was a simple matter to accept all its teachings. So strong, however, is the force of that prejudice which she inherited, in common with so many others, that the priest (afterwards Bishop) who finally received her into the Church, says he had never seen another of equal intelligence who found it so hard to accept the attitude of Catholics toward the Blessed Virgin. The many beautiful things she afterwards wrote in praise of Our Lady show how unreservedly she afterwards accepted it and how faithfully she lived up to it.

It is often a matter of great surprise to those who have never known any other teaching but that of the Church, that those who suddenly perceive a glimmer of the light always shining beyond her portals linger so long in the outer darkness. Miss Hayes says: "Years passed while the seed was slowly germinating. I wished to take the decisive step, but temporal matters seemed to make it impossible. This, too, was well ordered, for a change of religion is more than a change of opinion, there must be a deep-seated conviction—which is a work of time. 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' But when outward affairs no longer hindered, then other questions presented themselves. Of all my small world, I alone had these 'queer, reactionary' views. Was this moral conviction or was it intellectual pride? Was such an exercise of private judgment, where the interests of others were involved, justifiable?" When she had answered these questions to her inward satisfaction, her courage was put to a severe test. She had no Catholic friend to advise her, and of course no Protestant could give unbiased advice. She reasoned:

"Why need I feel called to an act involving uncertain con-

sequences? Others, much wiser and much better than I, felt no such call. Why not remain quietly where Providence has placed me? . . . But now again was felt the touch of a vanished hand. From infancy the mother's example had impressed upon her children the conviction that if religion was of any importance in one's life, it was of supreme importance. "This was the lever that moved me to action, and strengthened my weakness. . . . I wrote to an entire stranger, the reverend editor of my favorite journal (the *Review* before mentioned), stating my case, and awaited instruction. The gracious kindness and unfailing patience with which one in need of everything, and bringing no gifts, was met and guided in every future step, is better experienced than described." When conscience would brook no further delay she called upon another perfect stranger, Father Nilan, then a Pastor in Amesbury, Massachusetts, now Rt. Rev. Bishop Nilan of Hartford, Connecticut, and was by him instructed, baptized and admitted to the Church.

Feeling that the services of a Catholic would not be acceptable in the Institution, Miss Hayes resigned her position as matron and took a clerical position with the Y. W. C. A., but soon afterwards she was asked by the Superintendent of the Reformatory to return. She thus became the "pioneer" Catholic matron in a Massachusetts Penal Institution, and remained there till her death. Soon after her return she called upon the Rev. Thomas C. Garrahan, at that time and many years after the beloved Chaplain at Sherborn. "Father," she said to him, "I am a Catholic, and believe everything you believe, but I don't *talk* like a Catholic, and I want to learn how to express myself like other Catholics." "Have you ever *memorized* the Catechism?" he asked. "Well, no, not exactly, though I have read it carefully." This conversation led to her going twice a week to him for very painstaking instruction in the little book from which Catholic children derive their first knowledge of Catholic teaching. This good young priest, with a characteristic disregard of anything meritorious on his own part, had no idea of the service he had rendered, until he read her tribute to him in the preface of the notable book she afterwards published, called *The Con-*

vert's Reason Why. This book she revised afterwards, giving it also a new title, with the intention of publishing it, but the opportunity had not come when she was called to her reward. It is a volume unique in its treatment of a familiar subject, being not the author's explanation of how matters Catholic appear to her, but rather a compilation of extracts from Catholic and non-Catholic sources, bearing upon the questions and answers contained in the Catechism. As the preface beautifully states: "When the quest for truth began, *every* Catholic doctrine and practice seemed a difficulty; but as light was thrown upon one question after another,—sometimes from the most unexpected sources,—the collecting of these notes began, and continued until *no* difficulty remained; their full value, however,—like the unset stones of a necklace,—did not appear until they fell into their proper place under the teaching of the Catechism. The work of collecting and arranging has been an incalculable help in lighting one soul

'O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.'

Should the Holy Spirit allow this labor of love again to light the way for even one, seeking the house founded upon a rock, the reward would indeed be ample." The preface also explains that the selections are taken largely from Protestant sources, for the reason that while the writer born into the Church may understand his religion better than a convert ever can, he does not, as a rule, understand the Protestant mind, and it was for Protestants that she wrote.

The Convert's Reason Why met with immediate success and Miss Hayes received letters of praise and congratulation from a host of notable people on both sides of the Atlantic, including Cardinals, Bishops, Monsignori, Religious of various orders, and distinguished members of the laity.

She was always glad to assist in any form of mental or moral uplift, realizing a need which she expressed thus: "The Church needs readers rather than writers." She took great interest in the Blessed Sacrament Reading Circle carried on in Fram-

ingham, Massachusetts, with distinguished success by Father Garrahan, her director, and wrote many fine articles for it, as also for the *Sacred Heart Review*, the *Catholic Charities Review* and other periodicals. She also wrote poems filled with the same noble thoughts.

After her death it was found that in accordance with her naturally neat and orderly methods, she had pasted her magazine articles, manuscripts and even letters into books so that it was easy to find whatever was wanted.

In the October, 1916, number of *Harper's Magazine* was published an extraordinary article called "A Soul in Prison, the Poems and Letters of X 107," with an introduction by Lorin Deland. This article comprises letters and poems written by a woman serving time in a penitentiary. They display an extraordinary combination of talent, refinement and love of the beautiful, turned aside into the lowest depths of degradation, as if some slimy beast had forced its way into a beautiful dwelling where it held undisputed sway. The only charitable explanation of such a phenomenon would be to call it a case of demoniacal possession. The following is one of the letters:

"I am very joyous this evening. I have had a great treat in the form of a letter from—— Her letter is always like a little white posy to me. For the last three years I have saved them very carefully, until now I have a beautiful bouquet. Her kindness in writing to me is one of the bright spots in this navy-blue life. It makes me think of a day when I had been in prison only a few weeks, and I was down on my knees scrubbing my part of a long hall. I had been locked for some time in a cell with a dark window, and so any occupation was welcome. We were not allowed to look up at any one who passed through the hall, and an officer stood at the end of the corridor watching us. My back was aching, my wrists were sore, my knees throbbed from the unaccustomed position, and I was so filled with rage at my humiliation that I longed to knock the bucket of dirty water over, and then roll in it and scream and yell for sheer relief—when some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up with fear, for I thought I was going to be reprimanded, but instead a woman bent over me and handed me one small flower; and when she smiled I could have kissed her feet, and I felt all

the anger die away, and my throat ached, it was so full. It was as if I had stepped into a sanctuary, but could not pray. That woman was—— and I worshiped her from that moment.

"When they locked me in again, I took the flower from my dress and forgot where I was, the flood-gates were loosed, and I was given—one of those things they can't take away from us—sleep."

The woman who bestowed this little flower and whose letters for years afterwards were kept as a cherished bouquet, was no other than Miss Hayes, and this, of course, was but one of many, very many similar acts of sympathy and understanding, which are often much more effectual than sermons and admonitions. Poor X, it is pleasing to record, after her release, lived a good and decent life, and great must have been the reward to Miss Hayes for her share in it.

A young woman who occupied a clerical position in the Sherborn Reformatory for about six years, thus coming in close contact with the matron, writes thus of her: "Miss Hayes was a lovable, sweet, gracious old lady, white-haired, brown-eyed, always immaculately and primly dressed. Respected and loved by all who knew her; sincere and scrupulous in all her duties; a strict disciplinarian with herself as well as others over whom she had charge. She was regular in her daily habits, particularly in rising and in her religious devotions. She was generous but not extravagant. She was not a 'good mixer,' jovial, or even maternal, but, even so, she attracted young and old to her because of her kindness and sweetness and ready, sympathetic understanding of one's problems, small and big, serious and otherwise, so that I am afraid she had difficulty in finding time to herself. Someone seemed to be in her room always—three or four gathered with her at night for the Rosary. She was industrious, spending her time reading or writing. I never knew her to be idle."

Alice Hayes' letters, while displaying many of these qualities, show more markedly than almost any other trait her great devotion to friends and her intense gratitude for any service rendered her. A literary friend who was very close to her, wrote

after her death: "God grant eternal rest to her brave, beautiful soul. She labored long and lovingly for Him with the zeal of a missionary." A fitting and sufficient eulogy is this, but it may be permitted to add that nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the one to whom she laid bare her soul for so many years, when he says "She was the most wonderful woman I ever knew."

Miss Hayes death in May, 1920, came rather unexpectedly. Though she had been ill for some weeks, she did not realize the seriousness of her condition till a few hours before the end came. Her beloved director was with her the day before, at the home of her sister, Clara M. Hayes, who was Superintendent of the Baptist Home for Boys, Newton, Massachusetts.

The death of such a noble woman is always a serious loss to those who are left behind in this land of exile, but none can doubt that it brought to her the fulfillment of the expectation she thus expressed in a fine poem called "The Body Celestial:"

> "I, too, will strive, will seek,
> Will never yield; I, too, shall find, like you,
> Some unexpected day—please God—my own
> True native land—home of the longing soul."

ROSALIE MARIE LEVY

WHEN our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ came upon this earth, He chose for His only earthly parent the sweetest and holiest of Jewish maidens, the Lily of Israel, thereby clothing Himself as to His human nature in the garment of the chosen people of God. This consideration ought to deter all Christians from anything but kindly and respectful sentiments towards the great Jewish race. That such, unfortunately, is not always the case, is due to the fact which the Prophet Jeremias laments when he says "With desolation is the land made desolate because *there is no one that thinketh in his heart.*"

But even when there is no animosity there is not always much intercourse between Jews and Gentiles, due to purely natural causes. For that reason, perhaps few Catholics realize how many converts to the ranks of the Church come from the House of Judah. Among the recent converts in our land, there is one who is doing a noble work among her own people by writing, and circulating at her own expense, clear and gripping expositions of Catholic doctrines in a manner which should make the Jew who reads them thoughtful.

Rosalie Marie Levy, the subject of this sketch, in the introduction of her first book, *The Heavenly Road,* tells thus clearly and entertainingly the story of her own journey along that road which led her not to the portals only, but beyond into the restful places of the Palace beautiful, the Church of God:

"'God's ways are not our ways.' Why He should have conferred the gift of Faith upon me in preference to so many thousands of others who were more deserving than I of the favor and who could and would have been able to do more for His greater honor and glory than I shall ever be able to do, is one of those mysteries that we will have to wait to have solved until we reach our heavenly home.

"When four years of age my parents moved to a small town near New Orleans, Louisiana, which we often visited, especially during *Mardi Gras.* There were four children, three girls and

a boy, the eldest, a girl, dying in infancy. Our early studies were pursued at home under the careful direction of my mother, who conducted a select private school. My parents, being Jews, brought up their children in accordance with the tenets of the Jewish religion. I was sent to the Sabbath school and learned the Jewish doctrines, and regularly attended services in the Synagogue on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings and on all holidays.

"From early youth I felt very kindly towards everything Catholic, and occasionally went to services with friends belonging to the Catholic Church. I did not understand any of the ritual but enjoyed being present, as it was all very impressive and devotional. Many were the times that I heard my mother speak of her bridesmaid, a charming Jewish girl, who, a few years later, became a Catholic. I often wondered why the Jews did not believe that Christ is God, since it was the belief of so many millions of Christians. Though, with those of my creed, I believed as I had been taught that the Messias had not yet come, I often thought that if He had appeared upon earth, surely the Christ of the New Testament must be He, for Christ could not be surpassed in goodness, love and attractiveness.

"At the age of fourteen I was sent to a non-sectarian boarding school in New Orleans. The principal, a Presbyterian, was very cultured and pious, and she required the pupils to attend service in the church of their parents on the Lord's Day. I always went to the Synagogue on Saturdays, but occasionally heard Mass at the Catholic Church on Sundays with the girls of that Faith. Every Sunday night we had a religious service in our study hall. It was opened by the principal with the reading of a passage from the New Testament. The Parables of Our Lord which impressed me most were those of 'The Five Wise and the Five Foolish Virgins' and 'The Sowing of the Seed.' I loved to sing the hymns, and my heart was especially attracted to 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and 'God Be With Us Till We Meet Again.' I frequently thought over the words and drew consolation from them.

"While at school one day, a Catholic friend said that she was going to make a novena (nine days' prayer) to St. Anthony of Padua to obtain a special favor. 'I wish you would make one for me, too, for I am desirous of securing a great favor,' I remarked. 'But you can make it yourself, if you wish,' she replied. I was highly pleased with the thought, and said: 'I will make the novena, if you will tell me how to do it.' My friend then gave me a little statue of St. Anthony and taught me a

prayer to say in his honor. I began the novena at once with great earnestness. To my surprise and delight, the favor I asked for was granted, and from that time I had great devotion to St. Anthony.

"In the Fall of 1906 I met a friend of my mother, Mrs. K——, a young widow and fervent Catholic. I found her very congenial, and we soon became devoted friends. As she was practically an invalid, I visited her frequently, and the sweet patience and resignation to God's will with which she bore her sufferings and helplessness touched me deeply and gave me many serious thoughts. I made it my special duty to stay with her on Sunday evenings and during the Lenten evening services while the rest of the household were at church. I had become dissatisfied with the Jewish worship; it seemed to me cold—as if something essential were lacking. Therefore I rarely entered the Synagogue except on a holiday. Mrs. K—— noticed this. We seldom discussed religion, but she tried to impress upon me the necessity of giving one day in seven to the worship of God. As I was engaged in secretarial work and could not observe Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, she insisted that I keep Sunday holy to the Lord; preferring the Catholic Church, I attended services there occasionally. Knowing my confidence in St. Anthony's intercession, Mrs. K—— explained to me the devotion of the 'Thirteen Tuesdays;' so in 1908, and some years thereafter, we made them together in honor of the Saint. I also made novenas to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Philomena, and was greatly impressed with the power of their intercession for a non-Catholic.

"In July, 1909, a mission was given by two Paulist Fathers at the Catholic Church in my home town, and a friend invited my mother and me to attend the evening services. We accompanied her several times and were especially attracted by the sermons of Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C.S.P., of Washington, D. C. There was evidently in my mind a growing affection for the Catholic Church. I could not bear to hear anyone speak against it, and, whenever possible, I defended it as well as I knew how. But the thought of becoming a Catholic had not yet entered my mind.

"In 1910 I went to Washington, D. C., to accept a position in the Government service. On the second night after my arrival I was taken for a car ride. Coming down Pennsylvania Avenue towards the Capitol, the electric sign of the Central Union Mission, 'Jesus, the Light of the World,' attracted my attention and the words made a deep impression upon my soul. I sought out

the Jewish Synagogue, but attended worship there only a few times, as I ceased to take any interest in the services, although the doctrine that the Messias had not yet appeared was still fixed in my mind, and doubts often afflicted me. However, I had great faith in prayer and often went alone to the Catholic Church.

"On Palm Sunday, 1911, in company with a non-Catholic friend, I attended Solemn High Mass at St. Paul's Catholic Church. It was with difficulty that we made our way up the aisle, so dense was the throng that had long since filled the edifice. It was necessary for us to stand during the entire service. Although we could not understand the ritual, we enjoyed being present; it was all so impressive and devotional. As I looked at the high altar with its constellations of twinkling tapers amid the soft glow of the lesser lights, the paintings, the statues, and the admirable architectural surroundings, I was deeply moved and wished that I might understand and believe as the others did. Afterwards, I frequently attended Mass at St. Patrick's, though I would never kneel with the congregation. One Sunday a lady, whom I had met, saw me leaving the church, and approaching me, said: "Why, I did not know that you were a Catholic.' 'I am not,' I answered, 'but I should like to know something of the doctrines you believe.' She looked pleased and offered to take me to the Sisters of Notre Dame for instruction. At first I hesitated, for I had not wholly made up my mind to become a Catholic, and I did not wish to commit myself to any course. But she reassured me, saying that I would not have to become a Catholic unless I so desired, and, besides, I would not be received unless I believed all the doctrines of the Church. I then consented, and without delay we arranged an appointment with the Sisters. This was during the early part of May, 1912.

"When I reached the Convent I was introduced to Sister E——, whose duty was to instruct inquirers. She professed her readiness to do all in her power to assist me. The practical truth of the Church's teaching in regard to the intercession of the Saints having been so clearly manifested in my own case, had established the presumption that all her other teachings might likewise be true. Investigation and reflection then convinced me that Jesus Christ was certainly a founder. Consequently all her teachings must be true if He is God. But was this the case? This was the burning question I wanted to have answered: this was what had pursued me for years: 'Is Christ God? Is He the promised Messias?' All this I made known to Sister E——, assuring her that if I could be convinced that 'Christ is God' it would be enough for me, for in that case *I could never doubt any*

of His teachings. Experienced and capable as Sister E—— was, I soon discovered to my relief and happiness that it was an easy matter for her to explain and prove by Scripture this great and consoling truth; and, on my part, I fervently prayed to God to give me the grace to know and courage to embrace the Truth, whatever difficulties might beset me.

"I told a Catholic friend that I was thinking of becoming a member of her Church and, strange to say, she discouraged, rather than encouraged me, as she tried to point out the sorrow I would bring upon my family if I should take the step. I realized this but felt that my first duty was to God, and I was perfectly willing to make any sacrifice, if necessary, in order to please Him. However, I asked for a visible sign so that I might be sure I was doing right. While praying thus one day before His altar throne, I recalled the words of St. Thomas: 'Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.' It seemed to me as if Our Lord spoke to me as He did to St. Thomas on that memorable occasion: 'Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed: *blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.*' Jesus had spoken to me from within His tabernacle home and given me courage and peace. Therefore after the removal of my great doubt my mind eagerly drank in Catholic teaching.

"It was not long before I could in all sincerity make my act of Faith. On the eve of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 14, 1912, in the Church of St. Aloysius, Washington, D. C., I was at last made a child of the Church by Baptism. And there, on the beautiful feast itself, I had the happiness of receiving my first Holy Communion from the hand of Rev. William F. Gannon, S.J., now deceased. Another privilege and grace was mine on the same day—the Sacrament of Confirmation being conferred upon me by His Eminence, Cardinal Bonzano, at that time Archbishop and Apostolic Delegate, in his private chapel.

"It is impossible for me to express how happy I have been since I entered the bosom of the Catholic Church. While my consolations have been manifold, the early days of my conversion were not without their heart-aches. Hardest of all to bear were the reproaches of my parents, who could not and would not understand why I should leave the Jewish religion and enter the fold of the Catholic Church. There is no need to dwell on this painful episode in the story of my conversion. Suffice it to say that I could not make them understand my atti-

tude of mind, the convictions of my heart and the paramount influence of God's grace in leading me to the true Church and strengthening me to embrace the one true Faith. As months passed and my family saw that time did but intensify my attachment to the Catholic Church, their reproaches ceased and they bowed to the inevitable. Painful, too, was the severing of ties which had for years bound my heart in tender sympathy with friends who, notwithstanding their affection for me, could not tolerate the fact of my change of faith, and consequently felt obliged to treat the new-made Christian as a stranger. Therefore I pray daily and earnestly to God that He may enlighten my dear ones and all unbelievers, granting them the grace to see and embrace the Truth as He has revealed it to His Holy Church.

"Feeling confident that there are many upright souls who would gladly follow in the Master's footsteps were the light given to them that has been vouchsafed to me in answer to that all-important question: 'Is Christ God? Is He the promised Messias?' I have undertaken to show in the following pages that God's promise of a Redeemer has been fulfilled, and that His Church is in the world today."

In this book Miss Levy presents in parallel columns the prophecies relating to the Messias, and the New Testament records of the events of His life and death and resurrection, followed by a chapter entitled "What Think You of Christ? Whose Son is He?" After stating that it is universally admitted even by those who reject His divine nature, that Jesus was a good man, and saying that no good man would make unjust claims for himself, she specifies the various texts in which He declares Himself to be One with His Father. The chapter ends thus: "Therefore the Jews must either admit that the Messias has come, or give the lie to Israel's own history in the days of her greatest glory and reject as empty superstition the religion that Israel professed when God was most manifestly near her. For the scepter has passed and long ago passed, from Judah, and the weeks of Daniel, however they be computed, have certainly run their course. Therefore, unless the Messias has come, Jewish history is inexplicable and Jewish prophecy void. But if He has come, He has come only in the person of Our Lord Jesus Christ, for He and His Church do fulfil the prophecies and give

the capstone to Jewish history, and nothing else does. He alone can be the Messias. All the other claimants are but sorry competitors for the title. All are impostors, for they had not the characteristics of the Messias and moreover they failed disastrously, whereas the Messianic Kingdom endureth forever. For it was this Kingdom that was foreseen by Daniel when he says: 'And in the days of those kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; nor shall the kingdom be left to another people; it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, but it shall stand forever.' "

After pointing out the marks of the true Church Miss Levy shows how these points are lacking everywhere but in the Catholic Church, and how the history of the last nineteen hundred years proves her divine origin. An appendix to the book contains some seven or eight pages, close type, giving short sketches, or in most cases merely the names, of Jewish converts to Catholicity.

The Heavenly Road has been very successful, having reached its twelfth thousand in English, besides being printed in German under the title *Der Weg Zum Himmel.* Permission has been granted to have it printed in French and Polish. It was followed by another volume by the same author entitled *Why Jews Become Catholics,* being the testimony (for the greater number given in their own words) of forty-three Jewish converts to the Catholic Church, practically all of whom are Americans, twelve of them being now either priests or religious.

These two books are a sufficient demonstration of Miss Levy's unfaltering faith and her zeal for the conversion of her people. That they would be the means of bringing many into the Church was prophesied by the leading Catholic journals of the country which gave them unstinted praise as to both matter and form. Grateful acknowledgments from many sources received by the author testify to the fulfillment of these prophecies. Miss Levy has also published a beautiful little book consisting of selected poems and prayers called *Heart Talks With Jesus.*

She has also written articles along the same line for *The Missionary, Columbia, Our Sunday Visitor, The Canadian Mes-*

senger of the Sacred Heart, The Sign, The Brooklyn Tablet and other publications.

An especially fine article in the *Misisonary* gives the history of the "Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel," and the "Catholic Guild of Israel." The first impulse towards these Associations was given by the two Ratisbonne brothers, perhaps the best known of all Jewish converts, who both became priests, and founded an Order for Priests and for Sisters under the patronage of Our Lady of Sion!

"In 1903, a pious lady, the Canoness of the Chapter of St. Ann, communicated to the Mother House of the Religious of Our Lady of Sion the desire to establish throughout the world an Association of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel. This Association was established in January, 1905, and placed under the direction of the priests of Our Lady of Sion.

"On the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul from Judaism, the associates joined for the first time in the prayer which the Daughters of Sion repeat three times each day at the most solemn moment of the Holy Sacrifice, the same prayer which the Saviour Himself, when expiring on the cross, addressed to God in behalf of His people, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"In two years this Association had increased to the number of thirty-six thousand members, and has increased enormously since then throughout the whole world. Pope Pius X raised it to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, and the prayer for the conversion of the Jews has been translated into twelve languages and found its way into the five continents."

The "Catholic Guild of Israel" was established in England in 1907 with the approbation and blessing of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and later enriched by Pope Benedict XV with an indulgence of three hundred days each time that its members say "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." One of the great objects of this Association is to interest Catholics generally in the conversion of Jews, and any Catholic may become a member. Information concerning it may be obtained from the Mother Superior, Convent of Our Lady of Sion, 24 East Armour Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.

A touching paragraph in one of Miss Levy's *Missionary* articles ought to carry a strong appeal to every Catholic: "'His Blood be upon us and upon our children,' the Jews cried out in their blind madness. Ere long, in effect, the Precious Blood of the Saviour shall incessantly trickle down upon our altars from one end of the world to the other—no longer in malediction but for the salvation of this ungrateful yet beloved people. Happy those who shall have contributed to this work! For the entire realization of the prophecies concerning the chastisement of Israel is to us a certain guarantee of the fulfillment of the Divine promise concerning their return, repentance and pardon. The remainder of the House of Israel has been preserved throughout the ages only because our Lord holds in store for them great mercy.

"'I will pour out upon the House of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of Grace and prayers and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son.' (Zach. 13:10.) They shall be reanimated in spirit and bring to the Church new glory. This is also the formal teaching of the Apostles and the Fathers of the Church."

Miss Levy is nobly consecrating her time, her great talents and her heart's blood to the hastening of this day. May every reader of this little sketch be inspired to do something to encourage and assist her, as her people in the older days held up the arms of Moses while he "wrestled with the Lord" in prayer!

JULIA GORHAM ROBINS

WHILE I was speaking to a friend of my interest in collecting facts about conversions, she exclaimed with great earnestness, "Oh, do write about Julia Robins! She was such an ardent convert! She kept her torch burning and held aloft, and her flag waving all the time!" Meet, then, gentle reader, Miss Julia Robins, whose torch we may reasonably hope is now bright in that City which has no need of stars or moon by night, or sun to shine by day, and whose flag of loyalty she still waves in the midst of that multitude which no man can number, of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

To the devout Catholic with his adoring love of Jesus Christ the Man-God, the cold tenets of Unitarianism, which strip Him of His divinity, would seem to be the very furthest from the teachings of the true Church. But at least in intellectual Boston, where many of its noblest and most brilliant minds still subscribe to these tenets, it seems that the momentum gained by the pendulum in swinging as far as possible from primary principles has landed many a deep thinker across the line, so to speak, into the very bosom of Mother Church, that Church against which their forefathers protested. To this class the subject of this sketch belongs.

Julia Robins was born in Boston, July 25, 1846, to Richard and Susan (Parkman) Robins, and was educated in private schools. She had two brothers, one of whom once served on the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, and one sister, Susan, who was an artist in water colors. She herself was especially interested in sculpture and in archaeology, on which subject she lectured in later years, both in her own home and also to the girls in the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville, New York.

She travelled extensively and lived much in Europe, sometimes acting as guide to less experienced travellers. She went twice to Greece where she procured beautiful photographs of

ancient sculptors, which she used in her lectures. She was an accomplished linguist in French and Italian, and she also spoke German.

Miss Robins was always a very beautiful woman, tall, with regular features and speaking eyes, and her whole appearance betokened great strength of character. A charming painting of her by Frank Loring shows a young woman lovely in face and figure, gowned in blue, sitting, book in hand, under a yellow umbrella, on the banks of Lake Como. The picture was painted in Rome, and had the honor of being exhibited in a gallery, under the name of The Yellow Umbrella. In her last years she went every summer to a Quebec resort, near Ex-President Taft's summer home.

As to the forces which gradually led Miss Robins into the warmth and glow of Catholic faith, since "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," we may well ascribe the beginnings to the intercessions of the Irish cook who promised to pray for her. She tells us that soon after she became old enough to think for herself and question the beliefs she had inherited, she recognized the inconsistency of the Conservative School of Unitarianism, which she characterizes as "the natural outcome of Puritanism; a revolt against all that was unlovely in that too rigid creed and practice." The first blow, she says, which came to awaken her out of her security in her belief of the great outstanding doctrine of Unitarianism, namely, that Christ was not God, but man, was the remark made to her, "Christ was God, or Christ was man. He could not be divine, and yet not God; the terms contradict each other." After that she gradually became aware that she had become "an out-and-out Radical Unitarian." "I was confident that Jesus Christ was not God; therefore He was man; and with that conclusion all belief in miracles or anything supernatural in the Bible fell away." She retained great reverence, however, for the Bible as the holiest book ever written, though she lived to wonder how she gained as much inspiration as she did from such "meagre diet."

It is well known to Catholic students that while those "of

the Church's children who wander outside her fold often give vent to uncharitable and malicious utterances regarding their former brethren, on the contrary, the earnest seekers after the truth, not born into the fullness of faith but deliberately embracing it in mature years, in most cases give credit to their former co-religionists for that sincerity which they claim for themselves. So Miss Robins gives due honor to the "lofty standards of morality" among those with whom she had associated all her life. She likewise admits that with her "intellectual conceit flattered by the fancy that our religious views were alone consistent with the proved facts of science, and fascinated by sermons preached on that basis by a man of talent, for whose character I had great respect, and with my soul nourished by spiritual truth taken from Holy Scripture, (but the supreme value of which I now know so well comes from being based on supernatural authority), I was cheerful and content. Without premonition I took a step which eventually led me into the Catholic Church. *I questioned a Catholic as to his belief!*"

Before this happened she had from time to time asked a question here and there, but what knowledge she gained was so slight and superficial that about all it did for her was to increase her respect for Catholics and for the Church. But meeting, one day, a friend who had become a Catholic two years before, she greeted him with the words: "So you have become a Catholic. Are you willing to tell me how this happened?"

Now this friend, whose conversion had surprised and disappointed her, because she had more than ordinary respect for his intellectual ability and could not understand his taking "such a retrograde step," was the late Isaac Austin Henderson, and it may be of passing interest to examine her grounds for respect for his ability. "Born in Brooklyn, he was graduated from Williams College with the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and Doctor of Civil Law. In 1872 he became connected with the *New York Evening Post*, which his father owned in partnership with William Cullen Bryant and John Bigelow, became assistant publisher in 1875, and in 1877 was publisher, stockholder and member of the Board of Trustees. He was a member of

the Union League, University, and Mendelssohn Glee Clubs, all of New York. Selling his interest in the *New York Evening Post* in 1881, he went to Europe, living in London and Rome. In 1886 Mr. Henderson published his first novel, *The Prelate,* while still a Protestant, and followed it two years later with *Agatha Page.* The latter, soon dramatized (1892) as *The Silent Battle,* was produced by Sir Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre, London. Another dramatic version, entitled *Agatha,* was produced the same year at the Boston Museum. His second drama, *The Mummy and the Humming Bird,* was presented at Wyndham's Theatre, 1901, the principal male part being again taken by Wyndham. In 1902 it was played at the Empire Theatre, New York. In 1896 he became a Catholic. In 1903 he was appointed private chamberlain to Pope Pius X. Mr. Henderson was a man of varied ability and versatile talents; he was a keen theologian, had an exquisite sense of humor, was a musician and gifted with a fine tenor voice." All of which would seem to furnish ample reason for Miss Robins' admiration of his intellect.

When she addressed to him the question, "Are you willing to tell me how this happened?" she was not in any state of spiritual or mental unrest, but rather had been lulled into a false sense of security as to religious matters. It was merely a natural curiosity to learn the explanation of so strange a proceeding. His answer, after a searching look was, "Yes—if you really wish to know." "That first talk lasted a long time, and now I can scarcely go back and put my finger on all the points of Catholic doctrine so clearly stated that day that the old sense of security in my belief was disturbed. But from that hour I can date the beginning of the revolution which resulted in my becoming a Catholic; for though my progress was slow, and it was twenty-three months before I could say 'I believe,' and asked to be received into the Church, there was never any really backward step."

It was Mr. Henderson's clear explanation of the central point of Catholic doctrine, the Holy Eucharist, which worked the real miracle in her soul. Finding no argument against this

startling but glorious dogma, she was carried on to further study of Catholic doctrine. She remained six weeks in Rome, weeks which she spent in an eager search for the light, "determined to leave no means untried to get at the truth, while my friend was untiring in his efforts to help me. After those few weeks I never saw him again until I had been for nearly a year a Catholic, but he continued his assistance by letters. These letters and those of a Passionist monk, an American by birth, descent and education (the saintly and scholarly Father Fidelis, James Kent Stone), were my greatest outside helps, not only for sympathy and counsel, but in guidance as to what to read."

Every now and then we are told that it is all very well for American converts while they remain at home, but that their faith could not stand the test of close association with old-world Catholics. This was far from being true in Miss Robins' case. She writes:

"What I gained during my short stay in Rome was of prime importance. I became engrossed in my study of Catholic doctrine, which unfolded itself before my astonished gaze, so that at times there was almost the excitement of original discovery. The openness to investigation everywhere, and the logical explanation ready in answer to all puzzling questions, were perhaps what most surprised me. One bugbear after another disappeared. Where were the dark, secret corners which I had always pictured, into which no one was allowed to peep? I never could find them, though clinging for a long time to the belief that if I searched enough the warning barrier could be reached, but I have always looked in vain.

"I returned to my own country in the late summer, and was singularly alone, never for sixteen months speaking to any Catholic on this subject which had become of such vital moment to me. I was shaken out of my old-time security. This mighty Catholic Church was confronting me with her claim of being the very Church that Christ had planted on earth, and given unto the charge of St. Peter. Was it so? I would at least find out what the Holy Scriptures had to tell me on the subject. I would read Christ's words afresh, as if I had never read them before, trying to forget all preconceived notions.

"I would do my best to get acquainted with St. Peter, St. John and St. Paul, as living personalities, and see what they had

to say about it. In this study of the Bible, alone and unaided, but read in this spirit, as if it were a new book, light began to stream in upon me. I soon saw that my old way of reading the Bible had been with distinct ideas beforehand as to what I should find there. The puzzling texts and apparent contradictions I had always forced to fit in with my conception of what God must be, as my ideal of perfect goodness. Truly such a standard by which to test divine truth is much like making God in man's image."

This method of studying the Bible entirely revolutionized Miss Robins' ideas. She declares it hard to state which texts influenced her most but, in striking contrast to the Unitarian basis, she was thrilled by the glorious words "of Our Lord's answer to Philip's request, "Lord, show us the Father," which ring out as clearly now as they did nineteen hundred years ago:

"So long a time have I been with you, and have you not known me? Philip, he that seeth me, seeth the Father also. How sayest thou, shew us the Father?"

Being now convinced that Christ is truly God, she next turned her attention to the study of the Church's claim to have been founded by Him, and she summed up the result of her study in these words: "Everything that I could glean of this early Church proved to me that it was the Catholic Church from the beginning. This is not only a matter of history but is written in stone throughout the Catacombs."

This point settled, as with every logical mind, it was not long before she understood that whatever was taught by a Church divinely founded and divinely sustained could not be otherwise than true. Before full conviction came, however, much time was spent in the study of matters of faith and discipline. The confessional, she admits, was for a long time her "chief stumbling block." The infallibility of the Pope she accepted readily, since our Lord had promised to be with His Church till the consummation of the world. When Christmas time came, twenty months from the day she had questioned her friend in Rome, she felt that the only progress she had made was to reach the point of longing to believe.

Suddenly the thought came to her, "Why do I never go to church?" She went, therefore, to Mass on Christmas Day but,

not understanding the service, she came away discouraged. A Catholic friend to whom she told this experience gave her a prayer-book, and from that time she never missed going to Mass. "My heart was crying out more and more for faith. My head was satisfied but my heart seemed like a stone. A priest suggested my making an Act of Faith, but I always prefaced the 'O my God, I firmly believe' with—'I wish that I might truly say.'" How luminously her sincerity shines out in this little admission!

Three months more dragged along and Passion Week came. She was invited to attend a Retreat to be preached by a Jesuit at a convent, though she did not know what was meant by a Retreat. "What those days meant to me it is not possible to express fully. Most attentively I listened, hanging upon every word. I followed with deepest interest the services in the chapel. On Holy Thursday, with no especial warning, the full illumination came. My soul responded and I knew that I believed. The next day made me only the more sure; and when on Saturday I went to early Mass, and every one in the chapel received our living Lord in the holy Sacrament of Communion, and I was left alone, the tears streamed from my eyes. Never shall I forget the pain of it. . . . How long must I remain outside? I wanted to be taken in at once. I knew that I was a Catholic at heart, and I did not wish to run the chance of dying outside the Church."

For seven weeks after this she was under careful instruction, and finally, in the summer of 1899, she was received into the Church by Rev. Father Spillane, S.J. Once firmly planted her faith grew and flourished with the years, and she delighted in unfolding its glories to others. If, perchance, at the hotel table she heard a wrong statement about anything pertaining to the Church, she would courteously say: "Pardon me, but you have a mistaken idea about that matter. Allow me to explain," or something of the sort, following up her explanation, if any real interest was manifested, by passing over some of the literature she always had with her. For she carried on all her travels a huge telescope suit-case fairly crammed with Catholic reading matter. Thus did she keep her torch flaming and her

flag waving. She was very fond of High Mass and made it her constant practice to attend one every Sunday. After her conversion she contributed to the *Sacred Heart Review, America,* and the *Catholic Encyclopedia.*

Miss Robins' death came, practically without warning, in Boston, February, 1918, but she had received Holy Communion on the previous day and none who knew her could doubt that she was always ready for the call. She had been living in the Cathedral Parish, and was buried from the Cathedral Chapel, which was filled with mourners from all classes, including many of the élite of Boston. Her body was laid to rest in the family lot at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, after the grave, by special permission of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, had been blessed by one of the priests connected with the Cathedral.

MOTHER ALPHONSA, O. S. D.

(Rose Hawthorne Lathrop)

"HUMAN beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence."

When Nathaniel Hawthorne, by many considered the greatest writer that America has yet produced, wrote these lines in his story of *The Miraculous Pitcher,* who can tell the impression they made upon the mind of his little "Rosebud," the favorite among his children? Once when she was very young (she was only thirteen when he died), her father was away from home and her mother wrote to him: "While Rose drew I read aloud to her *The Miraculous Pitcher.* It is the divinest exposition of hospitality that ever was written or thought."

Readers of Hawthorne know that this story is of an aged farmer and his wife who shared their scanty food with two strangers who had been driven out by neighbors much better able to help them. Commendable charity indeed, which fades into insignificance in comparison with the divine charity exercised by the same "Rosebud," when she gave up a life of ease and pleasure among associates gifted like herself in literary and artistic ways, to devote every gift of mind and body to the service of one of the most pitiful classes of sufferers in the civilized world.

Rose Hawthorne was born in Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1851, the youngest daughter of her illustrious father and his noble and gifted wife. She inherited from her parents both literary and artistic gifts of no mean order. Part of her early childhood was spent in England, Italy and Portugal, and later she studied painting in London and Dresden. Her first public appearance was as illustrator of a book published by Mrs. Horace Mann. Later she published a book of poems, *Along the Shore.* When she was twenty she married George Parsons Lathrop, a

well-known writer. They lived happily in the midst of a famous literary coterie in Boston.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was possessed of exceptional personal beauty and charm. Her sweet hospitality may perhaps be traced to her hearing, in her tender years, those words from *The Miraculous Pitcher:* "Providence put me here, I hope, among other things, in order that I may make amends for the inhospitality of my neighbors." She had also her father's splendid example, for her mother said that until she knew her husband, she did not know what charity was.

The Lathrops had but one child, Francis, who lived but five short years. After his death Mrs. Lathrop said to a friend: "A married woman loving children as I do, and bereft of them, must, it seems to me, fill the void in her life with works of charity."

In 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop were received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P. Mr. Lathrop counted among his literary friends the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, and to him in great measure he attributed his conversion. In the case of Mrs. Lathrop, we see again the influence of her famous father. While he was United States Consul to Liverpool he wrote the remarkable romance, *The Marble Faun.* Years afterwards Rose declared this book to be her favorite among her father's works. The story relates that Hilda, a New England Protestant girl, was the unhappy possessor of a terrible secret which she could not divulge to anyone. In a desperate effort to find relief she wandered about among the churches in Rome. Oftener than to other churches she wandered into St. Peter's. Within its vast limits, she thought, and beneath the sweep of its vast dome, there should be space for all forms of Christian truth, room for the faithful and the heretic to kneel; due help for every creature's spiritual want. One afternoon she paused in a corner of St. Peter's, before a shrine adorned with a mosaic copy of Guido's beautiful Archangel, treading on the prostrate fiend. Suddenly, as if in a dream, Hilda found herself kneeling before the shrine, under the everburning lamp that throws its rays upon the Archangel's face.

"She laid her forehead on the marble steps before the altar and sobbed out a prayer, she hardly knew to whom, whether to Michael, the Virgin, or the Father; she hardly knew for what, save only a vague longing, that thus the burden of her spirit might be lightened a little. There was a strange sense of relief won by that momentary, passionate prayer." Soon after she saw an Italian woman emerging from a confessional, and to her she says: "You look very happy. Is it so sweet, then, to go to the confessional?" "Oh, very sweet, my dear signorina! My heart is at rest now."

"I am glad for your sake," said Hilda, sighing for her own. "I am a poor heretic, but a human sister, and I rejoice for you." Having discovered the English confessional, she suddenly followed a blind impulse, and entered. "She flung herself down in the penitent's place; and tremulously, passionately, with sobs, tears and the turbulent overflow of emotion too long repressed, she poured out the dark story which had infused its poison into her innocent life."

In the intensity of her relief from what she feared would bring about a mental collapse she said to the priest: "I am a daughter of the Puritans. But in spite of my heresy," she added with a sweet, tearful smile, "you may one day see the poor girl to whom you have done this great Christian kindness, coming to remind you of it in the Better Land."

One writer has expressed the fanciful idea that the soul of the novelist's dream child was transfused into the soul of his flesh and blood child in later years, "and satisfied its feeling of gratitude to the Church as represented by the old priest who heard her confession." It would be a truer view of the case to assume that during the two years of Hawthorne's stay in Italy as United States Consul he had acquired an understanding of many things pertaining to Catholic dogma and practice, and that when he expressed his new views in the presence of his family whose ideal, nay, whose *idol*, he was, they made the deepest impression upon the keenly sensitized plate of his youngest child's mind.

Moreover, a Catholic maid was allowed at this time to take

her to Church services, and during Holy Week, in company with her parents, she saw the Holy Father as he stood on the balcony of St. Peter's to bless the assembled multitude. "Those eyes of his," she says in her *Memories of Hawthorne,* "carried expression a long way, and he looked most kingly, though unlike other kings. He was clothed in white not whiter than his wonderful pallor.

"My father implies in a remark that Pio Nono impressed us by a becoming sincerity of countenance, and this was so entirely my infantile opinion that I became eloquent about the Pope and was rewarded by a gift from my mother of a little medallion of him and a gold scudo with an excellent likeness thereon, both always tenderly reverenced by me."

After her conversion Mrs. Lathrop was always glad to do all in her power to spread a knowledge of the faith among her non-Catholic friends. She sometimes addressed both Catholic and non-Catholic audiences upon matters Catholic. But her nature demanded that she give greater service in recognition of the gift of faith, and while devoted to her husband's happiness and doing everything in her power to assist him, she became greatly interested in the care of the poor.

One day, in 1896, Father Young told her about a refined young woman who was afflicted with cancer, and in reduced circumstances. Her heart was touched and she promised to take care of her and support her. Shortly after her husband died, and from that time her entire life was given to the service of incurable cancer patients. She rented an apartment on the East Side of New York to care for as many patients as could be accommodated.

The Very Rev. Clement M. Thuente, O. P. gives a graphic description of the beginning of this work: "Imagine the picture: Mrs. Hawthorne-Lathrop all alone in Water St. providing for all the needs of her helpless and hopelessly sick family. She was human and naturally felt her privations, her limitations, her overwhelming responsibilities. She keenly felt the need of help, and almost desperately prayed for assistance.

"There was a knock at the door and in stepped Miss Alice

Huber, the daughter of a much respected Catholic family in Louisville—Miss Huber, gifted with well-trained, artistic talents. Miss Huber came to Mrs. Lathrop introduced by Father Fidelis Stone, the illustrious member of the Passionist Congregation. Miss Huber came and saw—what her pen could not picture, what her brush could not paint. Her mind grasped the situation, her soul felt the vocation and her lips spoke the simple words: 'I'll remain and help you.' She knelt down at once to help to bandage a bleeding wound."

Such was the beginning of the work of the Servants of Relief as they called themselves. Besides caring for the homeless sick in their apartment they also went every day to nurse those who could remain in their own homes.

When their care of one of his parishoners became known to Father Thuente he went to their home to thank them, but he almost hesitated about entering when he arrived, so unsafe did the building appear. Realizing that theirs was work such as we read of in the lives of the saints, and seeing a picture of St. Rose of Lima, the Dominican Saint, on the table, he suggested that they enroll under the banner of St. Dominic. Acting upon his advice they joined the Third Order of St. Dominic, made their vows as Sister Alphonsa and Sister Rose, received the full habit of the Dominican Order, and moved to better quarters on Cherry Street. Archbishop Corrigan gave them the privileges of Mass and the keeping of the Blessed Sacrament in their chapel, after their affiliation to the Order of St. Dominic. When it was suggested that these privileges were rather extraordinary under the circumstances, he smilingly answered: "Let us help them to the best of our ability, for if this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God you cannot destroy it." The House was called "St. Rose's Free Home for Cancer Patients."

Twelve years later, other young women having joined the Community, Mother Alphonsa built at 71 Jackson Street a five story house, capable of accommodating one hundred patients, and placed Mother Rose in charge. This building was beautifully situated opposite a park in view of the East River, but as some of the patients lived for years, another home was necessary, and

Rosary Hill Home was established at Hawthorne. Here Mother Alphonsa made her headquarters.

A few years later there was a small fire at Rosary Hill and Mother Alphonsa realized the need of better protection for her helpless family. Accordingly she built a fireproof annex, and immediately began the collection of a fund for the erection of a modern fire-proof building. Had she lived one year longer she would have seen this cherished plan carried out. Had she lived one day longer she would have heard of a twenty-five thousand dollar bequest to the Home. The magnitude of this great charity is seen in the fact that only incurables are admitted and only the poor who cannot pay for attention in other institutions.

The well known Dr. James J. Walsh says: "It might be expected that places sheltering only patients suffering from incurable cancer would be rather gloomy. But those who visited Mother Alphonsa's homes were not likely to think so. The inmates were usually cheerful, at times even happy, and sympathetic toward one another. There laughter was heard as often as in any hospital, and oftener than in factories or workshops. For this condition the Sisters, and above all Mother Alphonsa, with her happy yet serious disposition, were very largely responsible. Nor was her charity confined to the amelioration of bodily ills.

In the graphic story of her own conversion, Sister M. Imelda Teresa O. P. formerly Miss Susie T. Swift, Brigadier of the Salvation Army, tells us that when, near the end of her struggle towards the light, she was on the eve of departure for London, "Rose Lathrop entered, in an agony of emotion which I utterly failed to comprehend. She had been to see Father Doyle and had been told that it was doubtful if I would be baptized before sailing. 'You know how I live,' she said, with her wonderful blue eyes full of tears. 'The Scammel Street house (her Cancer Home of that date) is not a comfortable place. But still, if it is that you do not know where to go for the moment—to think—to breathe—half of all I have is yours, rather than that you should put off for one day or one hour what is the most wonderful, wonderful thing in this world—the receiving of

Our Lord. I don't so much trouble about your baptism, because very likely your Episcopal baptism was a very good kind"—with a little twinkle of laughter—"and Father Doyle has been trying to convince me that if the ship goes down, you will have the baptism of desire. But that doesn't comfort me, for I can't be content to have you go to Heaven, even, till you have known on earth what it is to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion."

"Rose," I entreated, "please go away. If my brain does not turn before I leave this office, I *may* go up to be baptized this afternoon."

"Come—come now with me," pleaded the cooing voice, reinforced by the dancing blue eyes under the curling golden hair, hidden years ago under Mother Alphonsa's guimpe and veil. "I—will—not," I answered. "If I go, I will go alone." "Very well," said Rose, rising. "I will go down and set all my cancer patients to saying the Rosary."

After finishing her work, Miss Swift went to her "wee flat," locked herself in, and prayed to the "God of Abraham, God of Adam in the Garden, help me to act as I should act if there were only Thee and me existing." The result was her baptism that afternoon.

In September, 1924, Mother Alphonsa and Mother Rose celebrated the silver jubilee of their entrance into the Dominican Order.

On April 18, 1926, on the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday, Mother Alphonsa was visited by a committee from the New York Rotary Club and decorated with a gold medal "for the outstanding humanity" during the year. On that occasion she allowed herself for the first time to be photographed in her religious habit. It was only the assurance that the publicity would be the means of bringing more relief to her patients that induced her to lay aside the extreme modesty which had always characterized her. After entering upon her truly heroic task her pen was naturally laid aside, except for the appeals she was occasionally obliged to make to the public, when it was brought into very effectual service.

Mother Alphonsa's departure from this world was not the

sudden and unprovided death from which we pray "Deliver us, O Lord," but it came in the sudden way which is merciful to those who are always prepared. To quote from the one who was nearest to her in her work:

"Mother Alphonsa, who had never been absent from her work even for a day, left us so suddenly, without one word of farewell. She left us at a time when everything was calm—the new house for which she had labored for so long and hard, was going up; the Community was in good condition; she had no worry in connection with her daily needs. On Thursday, the last day of her wonderful life, she went to the new building, walked about the place and was pleased and happy. In the evening she went about her usual duties and retired at ten p. m. When called in the morning she did not answer; after several calls the Sister became frightened, went to her bedside and found that she had calmly answered the 'last call'. She had apparently died without a struggle."

In the beautiful eulogy delivered at her funeral, after annoucing his text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole mind, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neigbor as thyself," the Very Rev. James A. Walsh, M. Ap., Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, pointed out that she had given her mind to God by sacrificing what might have been a notable literary career, and that by giving to His suffering poor all her service of mind and body she had fully carried out this divine injunction.

It was the dream of Mother Alphonsa that many institutions similar to hers should arise in various places. There can be no fear that such will not be the case, for Mother Alphonsa in Heaven will be more powerful than Mother Alphonsa on earth.

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

IN THE articles on "Why I am a Catholic," written by distinguished converts and recently published in the London *Catholic Times* is an article by Cynthia Stockley, the subject of this sketch, a popular novelist well known in England, South Africa and America. Among her published books are *The Rhodesians, Poppy, The Claw, The Dreamship, Wild Honey, Blue Aloes,* and *Pink Gods and Blue Honey.* An American Film Company recently paid her ten thousand dollars for film production of one of her novels. May we not hope that she will now be moved to give us a distinctly Catholic novel, full of the high purpose which is to be expected from one who has at last found that for which all her life she had longed?

Cynthia Stockley was born in South Africa, and educated at home. She married Capt. H. E. Pelham Browne, M. C. Royal Engineers. A second marriage was to the late Philip George Watts Stockley.

Her life has been an extremely varied one. In 1898 she left South Africa to take up journalism in London. She afterwards went on the stage for a year or two, playing most of the time with Benson's Shakesperian Company. She also toured America and lived here for some years. She had not only travelled but lived in many lands, so that many phases of life are familiar to her. The story of her conversion, is quoted here from the *Catholic Times,* as told in her own beautiful and picturesque style:

"I was the seventh child of a family whose Catholic mother had not stipulated for the religious upbringing of her children, and most of my brothers and sisters were cheerful enough members of what in South Africa is known as the English Church. But my younger brother and I hankered after the mysterious beauties of the Catholic Church. We knew nothing about it, but we felt the spell of certain phrases used by our Irish mother at our bedtime, or on such occasions as we were to be parted for a while:

"May the Sacred Heart of Jesus protect you."
"May the Blessed Mother of God hold you in her care."
"May Holy St. Joseph stay by you this night."

"And often she would make the Sign of the Cross over us or herself— a gesture that in the English Church seemed to be the prerogative only of bishops and priests.

"These things pleased and satisfied my brother Alan and myself, but unfortunately my mother died before we had time to get any further value from her Faith. Still, we remained mysteriously allured, and we made up our minds that when we got away from home, some day, we would be 'Roman Catholics.' "

"There were not many 'Roman Catholics' in Bloemfontein, where we lived, and those we knew of happened to be an Irish family who were looked down upon, as much for their ignorance in professing such a fantastic religion as for their extreme poverty, and we were not allowed to play with the children. I often longed to. They seemed to have such fun in their back yard, that poor Irish family. My brother, however, having more freedom than I, not only got to know them, but even penetrated to the Catholic Church itself, and brought me back thrilling accounts of the services. I'm afraid the swinging of the silver censer thrilled him most. It is strange to reflect now that, though he never became a Catholic, my poor brother, after roving the wastes of Africa and coming unharmed through the Boer War (he was a crack shot and one of the famous 'snipers' of Mafeking during the siege), died in 1917, tended by the kindly hands of Catholic nuns and fortified, I am sure, by their gentle prayers.

"As for me, I went on growing up in Bloemfontein, a restless, seeking girl who could find no satisfation in anything. My home life was unhappy. I remember how, often, out walking with my stepmother's babies, I used to linger outside the Convent grounds, near the Catholic church, peering at the statues that stood in little bowers of their own with bunches of flowers laid before them, and wondering what they meant. I longed to be one of the fortunate children who were taught at the Convent. My own school seemed to me so dull, and to give nothing to my hungering heart and questing soul, consequently I disliked it and

was always in trouble. At home, too, I was considered the bad girl of the family, and well accustomed to hear my father praying for me by name, and calling the whole family to pray for me as we knelt at prayers round the parental bed. And with each prayer my heart grew stonier, my resolution to go my own way grew firmer. I was a rebel against authority, because none of those in authority showed me any gleam of the sweetness and beauty that I felt there *must* be somewhere in the world. I was a rebel, too, against the conditions of my life, the poverty, the enclosedness, the pettiness of living in a small town. I burned to get away to wider spaces than the veldt could offer—the spaces of Europe, filled with learning and unknown beauty and something that I felt sure waited there for me.

"How I did at last tear up my roots from Africa is too long to tell here—I have written of it in one of my books—but at any rate I achieved my ambition, and roved across the seas, making homes in London, Paris, and New York. My pen supported me, and always I was avid to see everything and to get everything that should come to me as a writer and a woman. And life gave me much. My hands became full of gifts, and my passionate pursuit of adventure resulted in many a glorious kill. Yet in the end I found that my delights always dissolved into nothing, my triumphs blew away like ashes. Always something eluded me, disappointed me. Always the apple had a rotten core. I did not know what it was I needed. But sometimes I got a hint of it in still places—once in a great Cathedral with a misty Cross looming overhead through the dimness of London fog; once in a tawdry little Continental church; once on a still Norwegian fiord I felt it catching at me with detaining hands—the peace of God! I could feel it, I knew it was there, but I could not get it into me, into my soul.

"At last in my seekings and pursuings I was stayed by a gift that was not ashes and that did not depart with the dawn. God gave me a son, and it was through him I became a Catholic.

" 'No man can be great who has not a great mother.'

"I knew I could never be great, but because I burned for my son to be great my heart turned almost automatically to the

religion which specialises on the relation between the greatest Son and Mother of all time, and is the fullest of comfort and help and good counsel to all mothers. Unfortunately there were obstacles to my entering the Catholic Church. In my careless, rebellious life I had committed many follies and blunders, and above all had formed a marital relation such as is forbidden by the Holy Church, though countenanced by law. I had made a bond which, for all my longing to be a Catholic, I could not see my way to renounce. However, my infant son was at once baptized into the Church, and at about that time my daughter, by a previous marriage, was also received. Only I had to stay without the door. But even at that I was happy. My whole life centered round my little son, who was lovely as a star. The French peasants when we lived among them called him a "little Jesus," their simple way of appreciating a beautiful child straight from the hand of God. My greatest joy was in watching him grow up kind and generous, tender and brave, and in working and planning for his future. At the age of three he said his *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria,* and before taking a last joyful prance among pillows and blankets, would utter a little Catholic prayer strange to Protestant ears, yet sweetly comprehensible to ours:

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give You my soul and my life."
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, help me in my last agony."

"There was no warning for me in those words. I never dreamed of a 'last agony' for him. Like many another mother, I did not think my son could die and leave me. I failed to observe the 'stamp of recall' God puts on those young bright knights whom He needs in His eternal halls and lends us only for a while. Afterwards, when they are gone, we remember the sign. But it is too late then for all we might have done or said.

"Then the War! That brought me creeping closer to the Catholic Church, longing to get in, for during that dark time there was no comfort except in a Faith which communes with its Dead, which recognizes Death only as the To-morrow of Life. I had reason to know what consolation and confidence were felt by

Catholic mothers whose sons were cut down in the dawn of manhood, as compared to those sad women who *hoped,* but had no certainty of the Life to come. I myself had been brought up among those who 'hoped for the best,' but alas, the best always seemed coincident with an everlasting rest in the ground.

" 'A holy rest and safe lodging at last!'

"The thought is soothing enough when the departed, old and grey, has come to the end of a life full of years and honours and usefulness; or even for those who have suffered long pain and agonizing maladies. But to apply it to the young, the gay, the brave, those in the eager dawn or noontide strength of life, is impossible without shuddering grief and the bitterest resentment. And the beautiful thing about the Catholic Faith is that we know it isn't all over for them, but just beginning; we know it isn't just 'safe lodging' and lying still in the ground, for strong joyous ones, but pressing forward, being busy, advancing. A great and learned Abbot I heard recently, during a Retreat, speaking of the detention for a while of imperfect souls in Purgatory, added, with a gentle smile:

" 'But it appears that there are some old ladies and young girls who go skipping straight into Heaven. . .'

"Well, if girls can do so, boys can also.

" 'I'm sure God does be laughing
The time He makes a boy.'

wrote an Irish poet, and *I'm* sure that He must be laughing more still when they come tumbling back into Heaven.

"I seem to be wandering far from my theme, but really I am touching the very heart of it, for in this attitude of the Catholic Church towards the living Dead I find the only final and satisfying principle that makes this life endurable, and I have much to be thankful for in that eventually all barriers were removed and I found myself free to enter the Church outside whose portals I had lingered so long. I was prepared by Father Walmsley Carter, of Sheringham, and received by him there, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the beautiful little Church of St. Joseph, and later I had the joy of kneeling for the first

time beside my son for Communion at the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve, 1921.

"One more year, one more Midnight Mass together, and he went on his way, suddenly, unexpectedly, crushingly. Like Job, I was at ease and God broke me asunder. If I had not been a Catholic then, I know not what sacrilegious fate might have been mine. As it was, I have found myself at length able to go on with life in the consolation and certainty of the Resurrection of the Dead, and the Life of the world to come."

JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

WHEN, nearly two decades ago, Pope Pius X issued his famous *Motu Proprio* urging a much-needed reform in Church music, it was to be expected that prompt and loving obedience to the successor to St. Peter would cause all those in charge of this important feature of the Church's liturgy to take immediate steps towards carrying out the reform called for.

That such has not been the case is still matter of surprise to many, even to those having no interest in music as such, or having no relish whatever for the form of music which the Pope wished to see restored to its former place of importance in the Church's liturgy—in other words the much-abused and little understood Gregorian Chant. The expression *little understood* perhaps furnishes a key to the unwillingness of some leaders to attempt serious effort along this line of reconstruction, for the most enthusiastic advocate of Gregorian Chant, as properly rendered, must admit that at its worst it has a most unpalatable flavor, and too often alas! in the past it has been presented *at its worst.*

For that reason the leader in musical or in liturgical matters who labors to educate the masses to a true understanding of the Holy Father's requirements, is doing a great service to the Church. Among the most prominent and most successful workers in this cause in the United States stands Mrs. Justine B. Ward of New York and Washington.

This charming and highly cultured woman was born in New York. Her father, William Bayard Cutting, was of Huguenot, and her mother of Scotch Presbyterian descent. She was educated by private tutors and later at Brearley School in New York. She married the Hon. George Cabot Ward, sometime Secretary of State, and Vice-Governor of Porto Rico.

While traveling in Europe some years ago Mrs. Ward found her way into some Benedictine Monasteries where the chanting of the monks interested and pleased her as did the chanting also

in many little chapels in out-of-the-way places. As Mrs. Ward was a real musician, the chanting must have been excellent in order to attract her. From studying the music of the chant she became deeply interested also in the words whose message it was intended to convey, and from that time her understanding and appreciation of the sublime liturgy of the Church led her into closer and deeper study of the truths it teaches so beautifully, and finally brought her, in 1904, to the conviction that she could no longer be a sincere person and remain outside the Catholic Church.

Once again we see the power of the Church to lure souls through many and various channels. To some, very early in life, little rays from the Great White Light come to warm the heart, long before they enlighten the mind and stimulate the will to study their origin. Not so with Mrs. Ward, who says, "When I entered the Church it was not through any feeling of attraction, but through a forcible overcoming of a deep-seated aversion. . . . There has been no Catholic practice that I have not approached with dislike, and later learned to love, as the prejudices which arose from a superficial knowledge melted away before a deeper understanding."

Anyone who has studied Mrs. Ward's mental processes as shown in her writings, and especially in her very unusual *Life of Father Pardow,* the distinguished Jesuit of New York, must see her unusual ability to grasp the full significance of things which lie far below the surface. This work is much more than an interesting narrative of events in the life of Father Pardow. It is a brilliant analytical study of Jesuit principles and teaching as applied to his career, and shows the possession in a marked degree of that quality of logic which some "lords of creation" have declared is never a prerogative of the opposite sex. The book has also all the charm of a literary style which shows that her pen might become an effective weapon in various fields, had not her keen interest in the music of the Church absorbed her time and energies, and led her to lay them with her fortune upon the altar, as a thanksgiving for the gift of faith.

Recognizing the fact so dimly seen, if seen at all by the

masses, that the music of the Church is not intended merely to please the ear as music—for such pleasure may be found in other places—but to be an inspiration to that lifting up of the mind and heart to God which constitutes true worship, Mrs. Ward began by studying out a method of training children from their early years to gain this high concept along with a practical knowledge of the correct rendering of Church music. For her first principles of the art of teaching in itself, she goes back—or is it not forward?—to St. Thomas of Aquinas, the very fountain head of all true pedagogical precepts.

Having formulated the Ward Method and published several text-books on the subject, Justine Ward taught it for a while at the Catholic University in Washington. Later, the religious of the Sacred Heart Academy at Manhattanville offered the use of the Gymnasium wing of the Convent for the classes for externs, which has now become, in connection with the college, the Pius X Institute of Liturgical Music, and is doing very great work. Mrs. Ward compiles the books and charts, gives the opening lectures of the various courses, and also conducts some of the Gregorian courses, though most of the regular teaching is carried on under the direction of one of the religious especially gifted as teacher and organizer. Very successful extension courses are given every summer, attracting both religious and lay teachers from far and near. Mrs. Ward's charming appearance and extremely vivacious manners contribute to the success of her work.

Nothing, in the opinion of the present writer, is more vital in this great question than the emphatic teaching that not only *should* reform be carried on, but that it *can* be, with the expenditure of sufficient patience and good will. The old excuse of the man, who, failing to obtain fish on Friday, regaled himself with meat—"The Lord knows I *ordered* fish"—has often been practically offered by those whose first feeble efforts to co-operate with the desire of the Sovereign Pontiffs have not been crowned with success. Other cases recall the dialogue once heard between two young men at supper during Lent, some years ago: "What! do you fast? *I* can't fast." "You mean, you can't *try*, I think." Those who have not really tried to help in

this matter, through fear of the labor which it must be admitted it entails, might seriously consider whether they would feel justified in neglecting other duties because they are not easy of fulfillment.

Those who can not appreciate the beauty of Gregorian Chant would do well to remember the saying of one of the greatest of the old Masters of music: "I would rather have been the author of the *Pater Noster* of the Mass than of all my melodies." For those who do not love this form of music, however, there is usually the excuse that they have not heard it rendered adequately. As. Mrs. Ward says, "If a piece of modern music can be killed by an incorrect performance, how much more must this be true of Chant, with its exalted aspirations! For this reason the general public could scarcely fail to dislike the Chant in view of the shocking performances by which alone they have been able to hear and judge of its merits; performances on the artistic level of that of a school-boy spelling out Shakespeare, or an ignorant peasant interpreting Dante.

"A Rip Van Winkle of the twelfth century awakening in the twentieth could hardly be more ignorant of our modern music than we are of the Gregorian, nor could be expected to understand our music fully, and sound its artistic depths, without some little study, and something more than a few cursory hearings, confined, perhaps, to its more elementary forms.

"I therefore plead with the Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century for a little more patience in his judgment of the art of the past, and a little better understanding of Chant, before he utterly condemns it. . . . When correctly rendered, this music breathes forth a spirit of devotion, pure, ardent, tender, truly characteristic of a period that produced a Gregory, a Bernard, a Bonaventure, an Aquinas, a Dominic, a Francis of Assisi, and inspired a Dante, a Fra Angelico, a Della Robbia, a Palestrina."

These quotations are from an article by Mrs. Ward on "The Reform in Church Music," originally written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1906—an article which has been reprinted and may be obtained in pamphlet form. It has also been translated and published in French, Italian and Spanish.

This fine article closes with a paragraph which should have an appeal on other than musical grounds: "One more aspect of this movement, which must not be forgotten, is its democratic character. For the carrying-out of the full ideal demands the co-operation of the entire people, who will no longer assist at, but take part in, the liturgy. This may not be accomplished in a day, but the Church works for the future, and already she is sowing the seeds.

"The little Catholic child is learning to pray, not only in words, but also in song; not only in the Church's language, Latin, but in her musical language, Chant; and when these children grow up, our choirs will be the whole Catholic world. While the variable and the more elaborate parts of the liturgy will demand the great genius, the great artist, the simpler parts will be taken up spontaneously by the entire congregation; producing the superb contrast of, on the one hand, the perfection of art, and on the other, the majesty of numbers.

"This is indeed, nothing new: it is thus that the liturgy is intended to be rendered; it is thus that it has been rendered in the past, and is still rendered in a few centres of Catholic life. It is simply a return to the true ideal, 'a renewing of all things in Christ, a revitalizing, through art, of the spirit of Catholic democracy and universality."

May God speed this prophesied "return to the true ideal," for surely then the devout attendant at Mass will not be distracted (as is now sometimes the case) on the way to the altar for the receiving of "the hidden Lord," by being forced to listen to the strains of "Danny Boy" or "Come Back to Erin!" When will some of the children of the Church learn to differentiate between her sanctuary and the Concert Hall?

Because of the importance of this Reform Movement, and Mrs. Ward's splendid service in promoting it, this sketch has given much space to its discussion. But as Mrs. Ward is a convert to the Church, some of her views regarding Catholic dogma and practice should also be recorded. When asked to tell something about the reasons which led to her change of religion, she wrote: "I cannot but feel that the records of a conversion (if

one writes truly) are all pretty much alike. Besides that, I have almost forgotten that I ever was outside the Church; it has been twenty-two years now since I became a convert. However, you are quite welcome to include me in your book should you desire to do so."

Taking the liberty of disagreeing with the idea that all records of a conversion are pretty nearly alike, having found them more like the sands of the seashore, I must avail myself of what Mrs. Ward wrote nine years after her conversion.

"Before becoming a Catholic," she says, "the exterior unity of the Church is what strikes the convert. After a few years of experience as a Catholic the exterior unity becomes valuable—not only in itself—but as a figure of the interior unity which the Catholic Church alone supplies. The whole interior life is ordered and is at peace; not with the peace of inactivity and passive acceptance, as is so often supposed by those who judge by the shell, but the peace of *ordered activity* of mind and heart that proceeds from a common source and motive power; that allows no deep disquiet to take root in the soul; permitting storms to ruffle the surface but never to penetrate the interior of the soul.

"Becoming a Catholic changes the whole of life. Everything is seen in fresh perspective, with new and startling relation to oneself and others. . . . One becomes conscious of a new motive power: love. Before, the love of Christ was, and in a sense could only be, the cold impersonal admiration, or enthusiasm, that one feels for a historical character, a person known through a book. After coming into close personal contact with Christ, day by bay through the Sacraments, He is known and loved as an intimate friend. A difference which has struck me perhaps more forcibly than any other is the contrast between the Protestant attitude and the Catholic toward *sin.*

"In general the Protestant attitude is that a good person will *not be tempted* to commit serious sins. The Catholic attitude is that *all are tempted;* therefore, *watch and pray;* if you stand, beware lest you fall. If you fall, there is a remedy—so rise up quickly.

"The Protestant attitude tends to foster hypocrisy; if you

commit a sin you must hide it. The Catholic attitude fosters humility; admit the sin and try to do better.

"The institution of the Sacrament of Penance is in itself an admission that we are all sinners. It is humiliating. It teaches us to know ourselves as is possible in no other way. It teaches us to have very little faith in our own strength as we watch, week by week, the startling divergence between resolution and accomplishment.

"We learn that without the life-giving power of the Sacraments we could do nothing and less than nothing. The mere fact of admitting sin in words makes an impression that no amount of private repentance could do. Moreover, the psychological effect of starting fresh—forgiven—with a clean slate, saves us from despondency and despair.

"When to the psychological effect of believing this true, we add the actual effect of its being in fact no delusion, that the sinning soul is *actually made clean* by the power of Him Who healed the lepers, then it will be seen—or rather it cannot be so much as conceived by one who has not experienced the effect—what a weight is lifted from a crushed soul, what power is infused by contact with this sacrament. . . . Perhaps the most striking impression of all is the power of the Catholic religion in the crises of life. Where other religions fail because they offer mere words, the Catholic Church succeeds because it infuses power. . . .

"I do not think that anywhere else the same emphasis is given to the value of *simplicity*. The great Saints have all been either simple by nature or simple by acquisition; the complex among them having worked around the entire cycle of complexities and found at last the one simple and complete truth: the Word of God.

"The sensation which has grown with the years has been that of having stepped out into the open, and of having found at last LIFE,—nourished, balanced, adjusted, poised in relation to God and therefore poised, as it were, by reflection, in its relation to the world. One felt oneself in focus, for the first time.

"In moments like the present, when we are looking at many

of the old problems with fresh eyes, when we have the courage to face frankly the rising flood of moral scourges that threaten to engulf our country, when we find ourselves opposing them so often with still more dangerous 'cure-alls—' the patent medicines of our civilization; when unsound catch-words and misdirected enthusiasms fill our eyes with their dust and our ears with their clatter; at such times we turn with unspeakable relief to the scientifically planned little Ark, which, though fiercely assaulted, sails serenely upon the muddy waters. It is comforting to feel, from time to time, the force of the rudder, and the jerk of its stout, readjusting pull."

In addition to her efforts toward music reform, Mrs. Ward has another claim upon all art-loving, beauty-loving, and especially St. Francis-loving Americans. When a few years ago she visited the Isle of Wight, where the Benedictines possess the art of Gregorian Chant in its perfection, she met there the genius, Pedro Subercasseaux, the young South American artist who, while painting the Life of St. Francis of Assisi, became imbued with the monastic spirit and entered the Benedictine Order. Here she saw this masterpiece of modern sacred art and, thanks to her influence, it found its way first of all to the art centres of the new world, instead of the old, as is usually the case.

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